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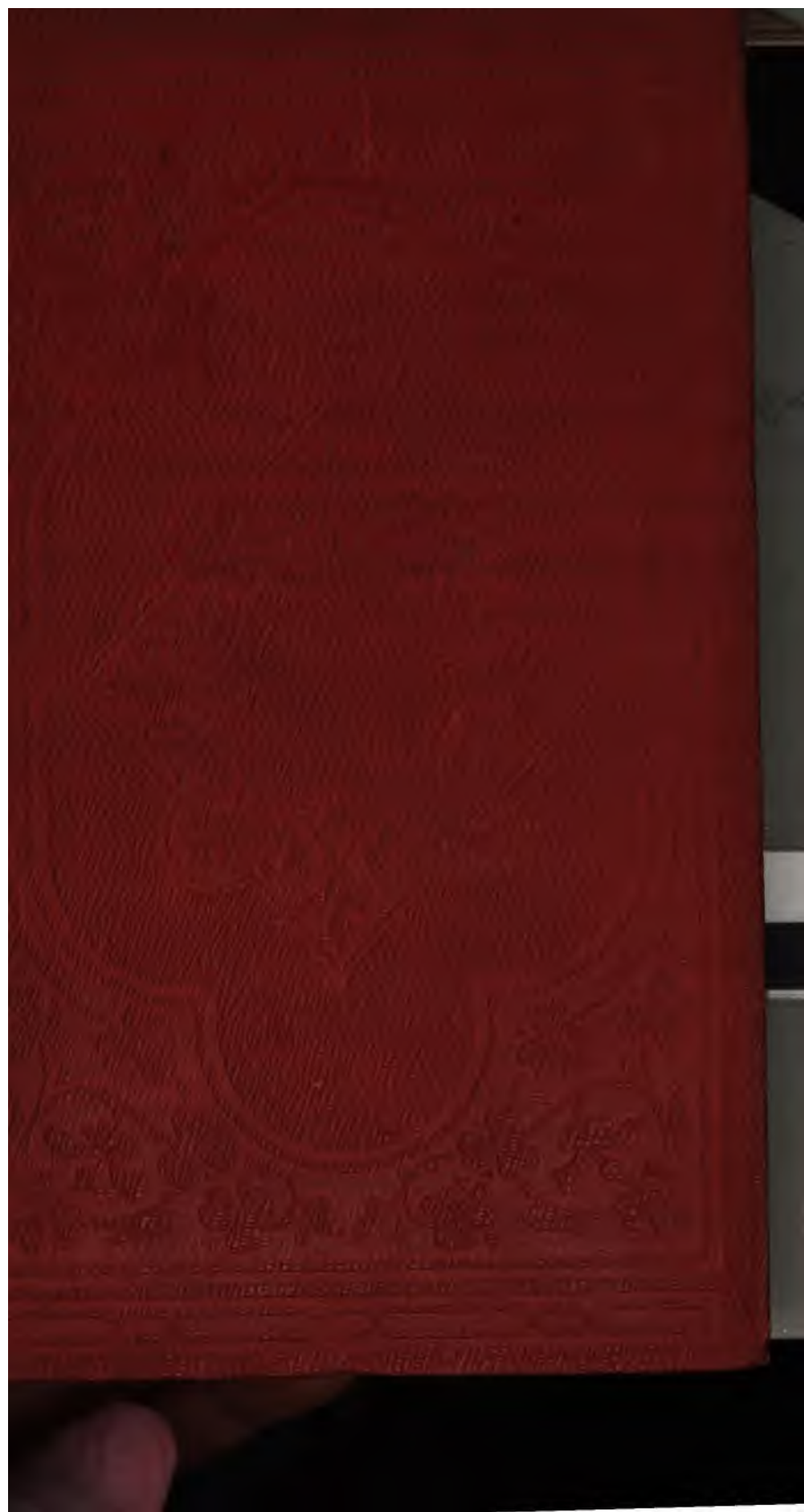
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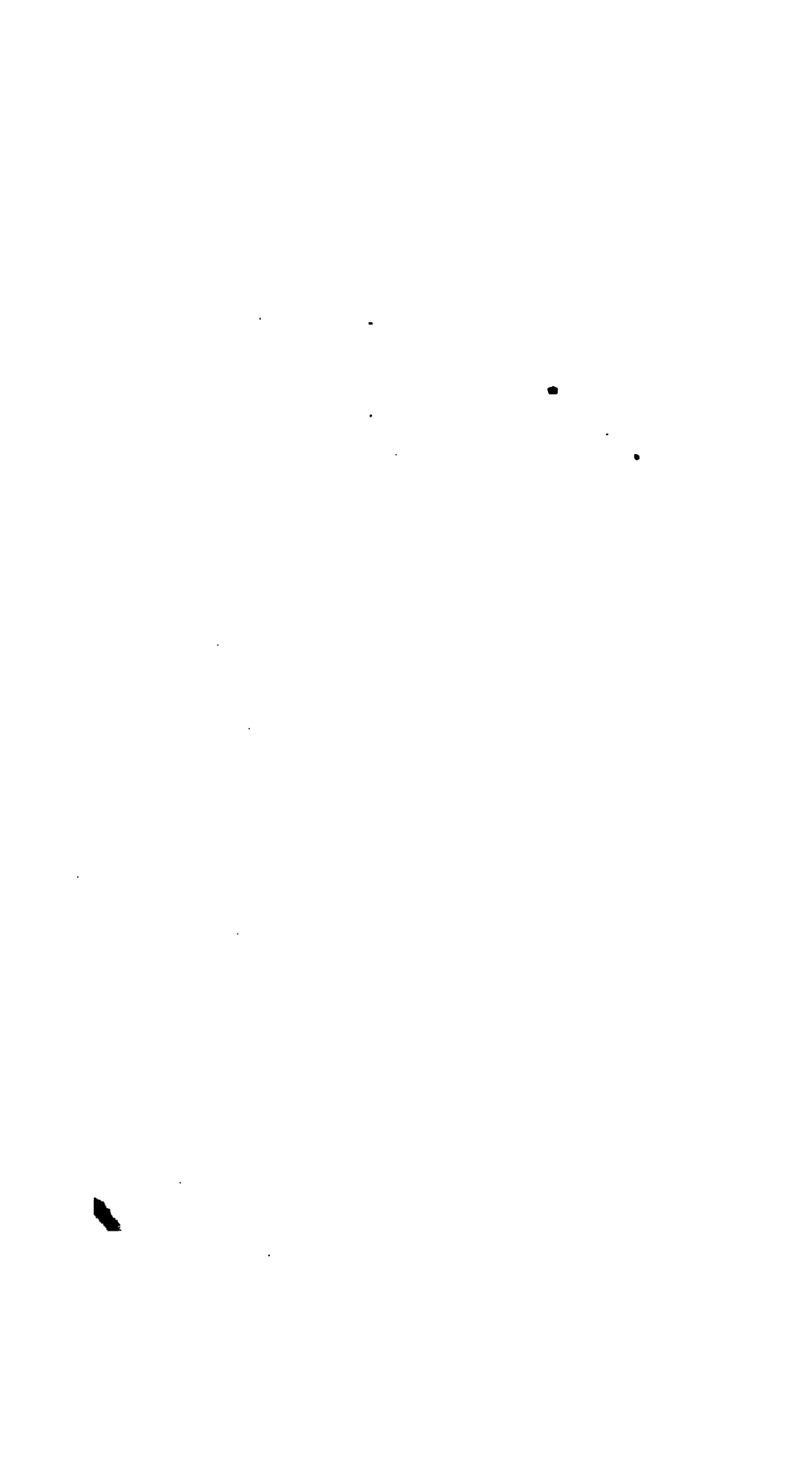
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JOURNAL OF ADVENTURES

WITH

THE BRITISH ARMY,

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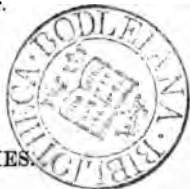
THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR

TO THE TAKING OF SEBASTOPOL.

BY

GEORGE CAVENDISH TAYLOR,

LATE 95TH REGIMENT.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MY JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE INTO THE SEA OF AZOFF.

May 25th.—ABOUT eight o'clock a.m. I saw our troops marching in from the country along the edge of the bay, and entering the town. Soon after large volumes of smoke issued from some large buildings with tall chimneys attached, and which looked like factories. All the morning was employed in sounding for a channel into the Sea of Azoff, and it was buoyed down by Mr. Williams, the master of the *Miranda*. The battery on the

Cheska bank, just opposite Yenikalé, opened fire upon some of the gun-boats, but did no damage. One of the latter, crept up a channel from which the battery could have been enfiladed; and about ten o'clock a.m. the Russians blew it up. There were clouds of dust and smoke, as before, but this time they assumed the shape of a large Lombardy poplar—indeed, I have never seen two explosions alike.

The troops soon passed through Kertch, and advanced towards Yenikalé, which was reported to be deserted by the inhabitants. The French were leading, then came the Highlanders and Marines, and last of all, the Turks. The advanced guard were catching horses and cattle on the hills.

At eleven o'clock a.m. the *Stromboli* weighed, and proceeded very easily; and in half-an-hour anchored again off Yenikalé, with the rest of the advanced squadron. The fort where the explosion took place last night was on the top of a hill, and appeared to have been dismantled. In and about the place were the ruins of houses still burning, and off the

point were large flats, carrying guns. Many Russian vessels were anchored in the straits. All were deserted, and some had been scuttled. Boats from the different steamers went off to search them, and I got a passage in one.

The first prize we boarded, was a government schooner, carrying guns. She was then full of our sailors, splashing up to their waists in the water below, handing out sails, cordage, guns, shot, candles, &c., into the boats. There was not much 'loot' worth having. I found nothing worth carrying away but a black cat, which I dragged out of a fire-place, and took on board with me. She became a great pet afterwards, and was very tame. A week or two after she had been on board the *Stromboli*, one of the officers brought another Russian cat on board; but the black one furiously attacked it, and drove it out of one of the ports, and it was consequently drowned.

On board this first vessel we lost a great deal of precious time. The next one we went to was a small craft, laden with oats, which did not detain us long. We then boarded a large government schooner, as yet, only par-

tially plundered. We dived down the hatchways like rats into a hole, and went into the captain's cabin, which had been handsomely furnished with sofas, walnut-wood lockers, tables, &c., and a fine mirror. Women had evidently inhabited it, for there was a lot of their wearing apparel, dresses, bonnets, and a parasol, lying about. The drawers and lockers were fastened, and with some trouble they were broken open, and then proved to be empty; for the late owners had carried away with them whatever was valuable and portable. In the kitchen department we found eggs, fresh bread, maccaroni, and other provisions.

Finding nothing worth my taking away, except a new shaving brush, and some military magazines containing extracts from our *United Service Journal*, in Russian—I went forward, where I came upon the surgery, which had already been pretty well cleared out. It was rather dark—and for some time I could see nothing but broken glass and bottles of medicine. My eye caught sight of a small key in a panel. I opened it, and found the ship's oratory, containing a large

painting of "Our Saviour," with a fine gilt frame, and a lamp hanging before it, some relics, and some pictures of saints. With the assistance of my companions I got the large picture out, having first shoved all the small articles into my pockets. I think there ought to have been a silver cup, but owing to the darkness and being in a hurry, it might have been mislaid, or escaped observation; at all events I did not see one. This was a good find.

The picture was an oil-painting, about two feet six, by two feet; and a much better work of art than such things usually are—for they are general in houses in Russia, wherever the Greek-catholic religion prevails. We also brought away the mirror from the cabin; and it afterwards adorned the gun-room of the *Stromboli*.

. The 'recall' was flying at the mast-head of the steamers, so we had to return, the boat being filled to the gunwale with chairs, tables, pictures, and a variety of miscellaneous articles collected from the three vessels we had boarded; and goodly spoils they were, when

they were laid out on the deck of the steamer. At this time our troops had halted outside Yenikalé; some of the advanced guard were straggling about the town. At half-past two p.m. the squadron had weighed, passed the lighthouse, on Cape Fanar, and entered the Sea of Azoff—the first appearance of British men-of-war in these waters. The French steamers had not yet come up, having been delayed by sticking in the mud in the channel, off Yenikalé. Accordingly about half-past seven p.m. we anchored about fifteen miles north of Cape Fanar, to allow them time to join us.

Sir Edmund Lyons came up in the *Banshee*, and went on board the *Miranda*. He brought with him an Englishman, who had been a resident in Kertch. He gave a good deal of information, and said that four steamers had escaped yesterday, and gone to Berdiansk; one of them had treasure on board. He also said that the Russians had been quite taken by surprise. They did not believe it possible that we could take Kertch, for they did not calculate on our landing troops; and the re-

turn of the first expedition had confirmed them in their opinion. When they saw our ships unexpectedly appear, and advance rapidly up the Straits—the navigation of which was considered most intricate—and the troops so quickly landed, they felt that the game was up, and that all they could do was to abandon the place. At the time, a reinforcement from Anapa was waiting to be ferried over the Straits.

26th.—At four a.m. the French steamers, four in number, came up. The squadron weighed immediately, and started for Berdiansk. The following is the list of the vessels.

Miranda,	screw,	15	guns,	Captain Lyons,	senior officer.
Curlew,	,,	8	,,	Commander Lambert.	
Swallow,	,,	8	,,	Commander Craufurd.	
Stromboli,	paddle,	6	,,	Commander Coles.	
Vesuvius,	,,	6	,,	Commander Osborn.	
Medina,	,,	4	,,	Lieutenant Beresford.	
Ardent,	,,	4	,,	Lieutenant Horton.	
Recruit,	,,	6	,,	Lieutenant Day (late Salamander, Prussian gunboat).	
Wrangler,	2	guns,	screw	gunboat,	Lieut. Risk.
Beagle,	2	,,	,,	Lieut. Hewett.	
Viper,	2	,,	,,	Lieut. Armytage.	
Snake,	2	,,	,,	Lieut. M'Killop.	
Arrow,	2	,,	,,	Lieut. Jolliffe.	
Lynx,	2	,,	,,	Lieut. Aynsley.	

The French steamers were the *Megère*, *Lucifer*, *Brandon*, and *Fulton*. At five a.m., a French steamer took a prize. The *Miranda* was in advance ; the *Stromboli* next, with the *Curlew* in tow ; and the gun-boats were dispersed all about as skirmishers, and chasing vessels which the strong breeze frequently enabled to keep ahead of the steamers, until a chance shot brought them to. At ten a.m. four more prizes were taken ; two were schooners, and two were smaller craft. The crews were taken out, and they were then set on fire.

At half-past three, the squadron anchored off the lighthouse at the end of the Berdiansk Spit—Berdiansk being distant about six miles. We could see the masts of numbers of vessels anchored inside the Spit, and several others were at sea trying to escape ; but all were taken and burnt by the gun-boats. The boats were hoisted out, manned, and armed with rockets and howitzers. I went off in the *Stromboli's* gig, which was sent ahead to sound. We heard there was some fort we should have to attack, but the report turned out to be groundless.

The whole shore of the Spit was covered with birds ; there were enormous flocks of cormorants and pelicans. The numbers of the latter were perfectly wonderful, and they were comparatively tame. Owing to the mirage—for the day was hot—the former, when sitting on the low land, looked like ranks of soldiers, and by some on board the steamer were taken to be such.

The boats advanced into the creeks, and were speedily engaged in setting fire to a number of small vessels, already deserted by their crews. No matches, or means of striking a light, had been provided in the gig ; and we lost much time in procuring one, by discharging a musket into some old canvass found in the first vessel we boarded. As soon as all the vessels were on fire, we landed near a large fishing establishment, consisting of fishermen's huts, made of lath and straw, and which blazed furiously when a light was put to them. There were also heaps of nets and other implements of the craft, and quantities of fish were hung out on scaffolding to dry in the sun. We brought some away, and found them

tolerably good eating. There were also lots of pigs and fowls, which the sailors amused themselves by shooting in the most reckless manner, and their bullets constantly took a most unpleasant direction.


These sandy spits are common in the Sea of Azoff, and are full of creeks and lagoons, which serve admirably as harbours for the small craft which navigate the sea. The water near is shallow, and the quantity of fish must be great, judging from the number of fisheries. The spits are covered with herbage, and are the resort of vast numbers of water-fowl. I saw thousands to-day, of at least a dozen different species. About seventy vessels were destroyed to-day by the allied squadron. It was long after dark when the boats returned to the ships, and the one I was in was the last, having had to wait for some marines who were missing. On pulling to the ship, we came under a most unpleasant fire from the men who were discharging their muskets after their return. The bullets struck the blades of the oars, and cut up the water all round us. There was no use shouting; we

were too far away to be heard, and had to pull through it until we reached the ship. It is very unpleasant to be shot by one's enemy, but I can assure the reader that the sensation that one is under the fire of friends is ten times worse.

CHAPTER II.

BERDIANSK—ARABAT—GENITCHI.

May 27th.—SUNDAY. The squadron moved in early, and anchored as near to Berdiansk as the depth of water would admit, with their guns bearing on the town. The boats were again manned, and advanced in a line for the shore, preceded by a flag of truce. The inhabitants crowded on to the beach and pier, and the governor came down, hoisted a white flag, and surrendered, as he had no means of resistance. Our demand on this and all similar occasions was that all shipping, government buildings, grain-stores, things con-



traband of war—including whatever would serve as provision for the Russian army—and all public property should be given up, and that all private property should be respected, notifying that if they did not accede to the demand, the ships would shell the town and fire the stores and shipping. As it was 'peace' between us for a time, the boats were beached, the seamen and marines landed, and were drawn up on the shore, while Captains Coles and Craufurd went through the town, with a party of marines, to see what stores there might be.

On the beach were some small vessels, which were soon in flames. A large range of buildings, full of grain, was also burned, as well as some smaller stores. Besides these, the town received no damage; and no plundering was allowed. The place was full of pigs and poultry, and they would run about. The temptation was too great for the sailors; they broke loose, and commenced shooting at them. The French did the same, or worse, for while shooting at the pigs, the smoke was so thick and blinding, that they

did not see where our men were, and kept up a smart fire upon us. Bullets were whistling about, and kicking up the dust at our feet—one hardly knew where to go to get out of fire. Some ran for shelter to the burning vessels on the beach. I stood still, and at last the firing stopped, to my great delight, for I believe I was never in greater danger. After all I have seen and gone through, uninjured, it would not be pleasant to be shot, as sailors shoot pigs!

The four Russian steamers, which had escaped from Kertch, were run ashore close to the town, and burned to the water's edge. Three of them had been built of wood, and nothing remained above water but their funnels, and the iron frame-work of the paddle wheels. The fourth had been a fine English built, iron screw-steamer—carrying heavy guns, and called the *Argonaut*, and her hull remained entire; but the inside had been burned out. An eight-inch gun was raised and brought away. Her figure-head also, representing the bust of a man in armour, and finely gilt, was cut off, and brought on board the *Miranda*.

On our first landing, a man came down to meet us, and act as interpreter; his name was Otho Dominica, a Maltese. He was, or had been, clerk to a Scotch merchant in Berdiansk, who was married to a Russian lady; and who, on hearing of our entrance into the Sea of Azoff, had gone off into the interior, taking the whole of his family, and leaving the house and property in charge of his clerk, who informed us that the steamers from Kertch, brought the news of our landing and passing the straits. Their crews ran the ships straight on shore, and set fire to them. They landed and wanted to burn the town, saying that if they did not do so the English would. The inhabitants, however, prevented them—whereupon they set off over-land for Taganrog, leaving the former in terrible alarm.

Berdiansk is a clean, well-built town, on a low, sandy beach, with a high cliff rising behind it. It contains a great many German and Italian colonists. All Russian towns I have seen are a great contrast to towns in Turkey. In the whole Turkish dominions, there is not so good, nor so habitable a town

as Kertch *was*—not excepting Constantinople. It was reported that there were eight hundred Cossacks with guns, a few miles inland. So it would not have been prudent to have remained long on shore, or to have gone so far from the water as to burn a row of haystacks, which were on the top of the above-mentioned cliff. The Russians we saw and conversed with, seemed to be confident that we should not take Sebastopol ; but our passing the Straits of Kertch surprised them.

We released a peasant who had been taken prisoner yesterday on the Spit ; he would not go off without his passport, which had been taken from him, and which, he said, he was obliged to show. Russia must be a nice country to reside in, when even the peasantry are required to have passports ! When all the stores visible were in flames, the boats returned to the ships and were hoisted in.

Soon after, however, Captain Coles was ordered to go on shore again, and take a party of Marines and search for some Russian charts of the Sea of Azoff ; which were reported to be in some house in the town, having been

taken out of the *Argonaut*. I went with him, armed with a revolver and a tomahawk—the latter a most useful weapon in case of having to break open lockers. Otho also came, to act as guide and interpreter. He had been asked if he would like to leave Berdiansk, and go with the squadron as Russian interpreter. For long he was undecided, but at last agreed to do so ; in fact, I hinted to him that if he remained, the Cossacks would cut his throat for holding communication with and giving us information ; and this, I take it, influenced his decision.

We went first to the house of an Italian, where the charts were said to be ; and, after much bother and threatening, he gave them up. I wanted to buy some poultry and fresh bread, but there was no time to stop, and all the shops were shut. There is a fine church in the middle of the town—as usual, with a green roof. I should have had great pleasure in depriving some of the old saints of the offerings made to them, if plundering had not been prohibited. We next went to the house of the Scotch merchant. The marines were

left to guard the approaches, and we went in. It was a very nice house, and was in the care of some servants and an old housekeeper. In the first room we entered a man was at breakfast. He had before him a cold fowl, some salad, and fresh bread. As we entered, he rose. I felt very hungry, having had nothing to eat since yesterday ; accordingly I took his place, and finished his breakfast for him. The salad was excellent, and it is a thing for which I have a peculiar weakness. I daresay he thought me a 'cool fish ;' but it was the fortune of war. I then went to the old housekeeper, and by pantomimic action endeavoured to explain that I wanted her to go and cut some more salad to take on board with me, and handed her a knife for the purpose. The old lady must have thought I wanted to murder her, for she ran in great alarm into the corner of the room. Otho, however, came up and explained my meaning, upon which she appeared greatly relieved. She started off to the garden, and brought me back a good handful. She was greatly pleased at my subsequent attentions, and I think

wanted to kiss me, but I did not give her any encouragement to do so !

It was now time to be off. We were a small party, at some distance from the shore, and some resolute Cossacks might have cut us off. A report was raised that they were coming, and Otho looked greatly alarmed. He had asked for time to bring away his clothes, and was very dilatory about it ; but the cry of 'Cossacks' quickened his movements considerably. The inhabitants seemed to have 'liquored' on the occasion of our visit. I saw plenty of drunken men about the street, and the same vice had also affected the women. Whenever we passed any of the inhabitants, they stood still and took off their caps. They appeared to be a quiet, good sort of people. They expected we should have burned their town, and were of course pleased at getting off so cheap. Besides Otho, we brought away a Genoese master of a vessel, who offered to come and act as pilot in the Sea of Azoff. Most of the vessels in the sea are commanded by Greeks, Dutchmen, or Italians. The real Russians do not seem to be an enterprising

race, and, in their commercial transactions, are principally dependent upon foreigners. As we were pushing off, the people crowded down to the shore, kissed our hands to take leave, and went up to their waists in the water to shove off the boats. No doubt they were glad to see the last of us.

At two o'clock p.m. the squadron weighed and started for Arabat. The *Swallow* and *Wrangler* were detached to Genitchi, and the *Curlew* to blockade the mouth of the Don.

28th.—At seven a.m. we were in sight of the Fort of Arabat; at half-past seven, the *Snake* being far in advance, fired a few shots at long range; and soon after the other ships, having cleared for action, engaged the fort. At first, shot were fired to try the range, but afterwards shells were used. The Russians soon returned our fire, and blazed away smartly; however, they did very little damage. Their guns were inferior to ours in range, and we were some 2,500 yards distant. As our fire was heavy, theirs slackened, and *vice versâ*. Few of our shells fell short; they burst most accurately in the fortress, in the interior of which was a large circular mound, against

which the shells would strike and fall back. It was a perfect shell-trap. The direction of the Russian fire was good, but their shot generally fell short; still, they came far too close to be pleasant; a little more elevation, or an increased charge of powder, would have put them right into us. I saw that their elevation was extreme, for their shot seldom *ricocheted*, but 'plumped' wherever they first pitched. This was comforting, for I have a wholesome dislike to shot and splinters, particularly when there is no parapet to duck behind — 'Screw Alley,' and between full coal bunkers, being about the safest places on board ship.

About half-past eight, a magazine in the fort blew up, and its fire slackened considerably. The action lasted an hour and a half. We were drifting within good range of their guns, when the signal was made to cease firing and steam out. Captain Lyons did this very well. He made the enemy show his force, and blew up a magazine, without any greater loss than one man of the *Medina* slightly wounded, and two shots in the French senior officer's ship. If we had gone closer in, no doubt we

could have completely silenced the fort; but that would have been but a poor recompense for having one or more steamers crippled, which would probably have been the case; and having no land force to co-operate, we could not even have landed to spike the guns. If attacked by land, the fort would soon fall. It appears tolerably strong, mounting thirty guns seawards, many of them *en barbette*. On the tongue of Arabat, not far from the fort, were some large stacks of grain. They might have been destroyed by boats and rockets; but burning a small quantity of grain here is like burning a ton of coals at Newcastle, and time was precious; the great object being to get round and sweep the coasts of the Sea of Azoff, with as little delay as possible.

After the action, the French squadron returned to Kertch, and we steamed to the north along the tongue of Arabat, which, being very low, we could not see from the deck. At half-past seven p.m. we came in sight of Genitchi, at the entrance of the Putrid Sea. Some vessels were burning in the distance, and we heard reports of guns.

The *Swallow* and *Curlew* were already there, and had kept three prizes—one a fine barque—having set seven more on fire. They made a glorious blaze. The squadron anchored for the night at some distance from the town.

29th.—At seven o'clock a.m. a boat was sent in with a flag of truce to make the usual demand, and the squadron moved close in shore, and moored broadside on, so as to open fire if requisite. The *Recruit*, which drew only seven feet of water, was inside, and had a white flag hoisted at the mast-head. Otho went on shore as interpreter, and afterwards told me what occurred. The commandant or governor came down, and said that he was not then the senior officer—that there was a 'prince,' to whom he must refer.

The prince, himself, soon came down. He appeared to have been wounded or sick, and was very polite. He said that he was unable to oppose us by sea, but that if we landed, he should certainly offer all the resistance in his power. With this answer the boat returned, and at half-past nine o'clock a.m. the flag of truce was hauled down. Genitchi is built

on a low cliff—in places sloping down to the water. At the top of the cliff is a church, and near to it is a large white house, supposed to be the governor's. The town is chiefly inhabited by Greeks, and is rather a poor-looking place, and most of the houses are of an inferior description. On the beach, close to the straits connecting the Putrid Sea with the Sea of Azoff, were a lot of stores, grain, timber, coals, &c.—there were also cattle near, and flocks of geese were swimming about. On the sloping cliff, over the straits, is a cemetery, and near it were large stacks of grain in sacks. Just within the straits, and close to the Putrid Sea, were a number of small vessels, perhaps seventy-five in all.

The straits were about fifty yards across, and are commanded from the low cliff on the north side; and a few field-pieces well placed behind the grain-sacks, which would serve as a parapet, would have effectually kept off our boats. On the south of the strait is the Tongue of Arabat, low and sandy. Behind the town were a number of infantry, some Cossacks, and six field-pieces—they were seen

from the mast-heads. The boats were hoisted out and armed, under the command of Lieutenant Mackenzie, of the *Miranda*. This officer was junior to the first-lieutenant of the *Stromboli*—Ross, who also accompanied the expedition, and owing to an arrangement peculiar to the naval service, took the command, because he belonged to the senior-officer's ship, and was mentioned in despatches, and promoted over the other's head!

At ten a.m. the boats advanced upon the town, covered by the fire of the ships, at about two thousand four hundred yards distance. The boats lay some distance off shore, firing shells and rockets into the town and vessels in the straits. The chief objects of the ships' fire were the church and governor's house; and I soon counted seven shot-holes in the latter and three in the former. But, even at the close of the day, the town appeared to be very little damaged. It requires an immense deal of shot and shell to destroy a town—far more than persons unused to such work would imagine. While the fire was going on, people were standing at the corners

of the streets, and the dogs were running about, to all appearance, quite unconcernedly. Many of our shells, particularly those from the gun-boats, burst short, and over the heads of those in the small boats; and the splinters struck the water all round them; fortunately no one was hurt. When they returned they told us they had been in far more danger from their friends than from their enemies. Soon after the firing began, a fire broke out near the church. At eleven a.m. the boats pulled in, and commenced firing the stores and shipping. At forty minutes past twelve the boats returned, and were hoisted in. The ships were then only firing occasionally, and soon after ceased altogether. The work, as yet, was half undone. All the grain on the cliff, and several vessels, besides two large flats, used as ferry-boats across the straits, were still uninjured. They might have been easily destroyed at first, for up to this time the Russians had offered no opposition.

At two p.m. the boats were ordered out again; and the ships re-opened fire. They went in a second time, and managed to burn

the grain on the cliff, and some more vessels; and the two flats were also set on fire—but not destroyed for upwards of a month later. The hawsers were afterwards cut, and they were sent adrift, by the boats of the *Beagle*. There were about twenty-five ships just inside the straits, which they were unable to reach, for the Russians brought down field-pieces, and fired grape at the boats. However they only wounded one man; but they saved the vessels. The boats then returned to the ships. There were a number of cattle on a marsh, near the Tongue of Arabat, which might have been easily brought off. Along the cliff and about the town were many windmills; they are very common along the coast of Southern Russia.

The mirage was so great, and the air so hazy, that I could not make out what there was to the west of the tongue of Arabat, although close to it the whole day. I can get no information about the Putrid Sea. I take it to be little better than an immense marsh, frozen in winter and unhealthy in summer, and then abounding with mosquitoes. I should say it was unnavigable. If it were

not so, one would suppose that the shipping would have made their escape that way; for most of them were small, and drew very little water. It must be the resort and breeding-place of vast quantities of water-fowl. I saw to-day flocks of pelicans, wild geese, and some wild swans.

The stores and shipping burnt furiously the whole night.

30th.—At eleven o'clock a.m. the squadron weighed, and made for a rendezvous in the gulf of the Don.

31st.—At eleven o'clock a.m. we were well up the gulf of the Don. The water was thick and muddy, with broken reeds floating about. Seven vessels were at anchor off the Crooked Spit, which were made prizes of. At eight o'clock p.m. anchored in twenty feet of water, ten miles from Taganrog. Soon after, we saw a ship on fire near the town, and she shortly blew up. She afterwards proved to have been a large sailing vessel. The Russians were aware of our being in the vicinity, for four signal-fires blazed up on the shore, but were soon extinguished.

June 1st.—In the afternoon, the squadron weighed, and moved four miles nearer to Taganrog, in full view of the town. The glittering cupolas of the churches were most conspicuous, even at a far greater distance. Owing to the shallow water, the large vessels of the squadron were not able to approach any closer. Indeed, next day they had to move two miles lower down into deeper water, as the wind, having changed to north-east, caused the water in the gulf of the Don to fall two feet.

The great desideratum now was to devise some means of floating a heavy gun into the shallow water close to the town; and two plans were adopted—one by Captain Coles, and the other by Lieutenant Horton. The plan of the former was to make a raft composed of casks and spars lashed together, and decked over, and of sufficient buoyancy to carry a 42 cwt. 32-pounder gun, with its crew of fourteen men, besides ammunition. To make it, all the carpenters were sent on board the *Stromboli*, and worked hard during the day. Twenty-nine casks were all that could

be procured, and were laid lengthways in rows of five each, except the last row, which of course only contained four; and the shape it assumed was oblong. Lieutenant Horton's plan was to lay the same-sized gun in a cutter, with a number of hammocks under it, so as to prevent the recoil from damaging the boat. The gun was merely lashed down without the tackles, with the muzzle resting over the stern. Several experimental shots were fired, the recoil propelling the boat some distance through the water. The drawback to this plan was that the elevation was not to be altered except by raising and depressing the stern of the boats. This 'gun-boat' was called by the inventor the '*Nonsuch*.'

CHAPTER III.

ATTACK ON TAGANROG.

June 2nd.—THE *Stromboli* moved alongside the *Miranda*, leaving a small space intervening. The raft was hoisted out from the *Stromboli's* deck, and the launch of the *Lady Nancy* was most successfully accomplished. The gun was then mounted, and a few shots fired by way of experiment.

A great many mosquitoes about during the day. All were busy making preparations to go with the boats at daylight, and attack Taganrog. The deck of the *Stromboli* was covered with boat-gear, rocket-tubes, maga-

zines, &c. In the evening a reinforcement arrived quite unexpectedly to us, consisting of the *Danube* and *Sulina*, towing twelve launches from the fleet, with their crews. A screw-collier, and soon afterwards the *Medina*, arrived, bringing up some marine artillery; and a little later came six French steamers, also towing launches.

The news we received was that Yenikalé was being fortified, and would be garrisoned by Turks, large numbers of whom were expected. The English and French were then to re-embark, and it was thought would go and attack Anapa, in co-operation with the fleet. No troops were left in Kertch, where great atrocities had been committed by the Turks. On the 24th May the allied troops had occupied the plain of Balaklava without opposition.

3rd.—Sunday appears to be the choice day for a fight; for more come off on the first day of the week than on any other days. At half-past one o'clock a.m. the boats for the expedition began to assemble, and at four o'clock we started. The English boats were towed by the *Danube*.

Recruit, and *Sulina*, and the French boats by two or three of their own small steamers. About seven o'clock a.m. we anchored within a mile of Taganrog. Some gun-boats also accompanied us, but they and the French steamers were obliged to anchor further out, for want of water. A flag of truce was sent in, with an English and a French boat, to demand the surrender of all Government property, and everything contraband of war; and that, while its destruction was going on, the troops should leave the town—an hour was given for decision. In the meantime, the boats collected round the *Recruit*—the headquarters of the expedition—where Captain Lyons was. There were forty boats in all—viz., twelve French boats, ten of which carried guns; twelve launches, and four paddle-box boats; ten boats of other sizes and descriptions; also the *Lady Nancy* gun-raft, and the *Nonsuch*, carrying another 32-pounder gun. Besides the two last, fifteen of our boats carried guns, and five carried rockets; and the whole were placed under the immediate command of Captain Coles, of the *Stromboli*. They

formed up in a long train astern of the *Recruit*, with the rocket-boats on the right of or leading their line; and the gun-raft on the left, or astern. The French boats took up a position ahead of ours.

Taganrog is built on a low cliff, forming a promontory, off the point of which the steamers were anchored. We therefore could see each side. Our arrival so close to the town had evidently caused great consternation among the inhabitants. They collected in crowds on the edge of the cliff, and in open spaces, to look at us, and women could be seen kneeling down outside the churches.

The part we could see most plainly consisted of two or three churches, and several detached dwellings, which looked like barracks. One of them was a handsome edifice, which Otho, the interpreter, told me was a hospital; and his information proved to be correct.

Besides these there were some fine houses, one of which was probably the governor's. Below the cliff, and on the east side, was the custom-house—a large yellow building, with smaller buildings attached, and sentry-boxes

and flag-staffs, all painted black and white, as is usual in Russia ; also a long range of store-houses ; a building-yard, with some twenty vessels, and a large raft of ship timber, which had probably been floated down the Don. We could see no batteries. There were some embrasures in an elevated mound, but they were in a dilapidated state, and gave no cause to suspect that any guns were mounted there. There did not appear to be any stores in the western side of the promontory.

At a quarter-past nine, the boats with the flag of truce left the shore, with their white flags down ; and, at the same time, the Cossacks commenced dispersing and driving back the crowd from the cliff—a sure sign of what they expected. The governor, Count Tolstoi, had rejected our terms, as he had troops at his disposal ; and, therefore, could not permit us to burn the government property unresisted. Accordingly, the boats prepared to advance, covered by the fire of the steamers. The first shot was fired from the *Recruit*, anchored at 1,400 yards from the shore. It was an 8-inch Moorsom's shell ; it struck the

Custom-house, and burst inside. Shells and rockets were directed at it both from the *Recruit* and *Danube*, and, after the lapse of about half-an-hour, smoke issued through the windows and roof; and, not long after, flames broke out from every part, and it burnt furiously. In the evening, when we left, the building as well as its contents were consumed; nothing but the shell being left standing. It had been full of grain and stores for the Russian army.

There is a great sameness in the burning of a house or large building. First of all there is a little smoke from the doors and windows, which increases and escapes from every aperture; then come flames, and soon after the crackling of the windows. The roof falls in, and emits volumes of dense smoke, which give place to bright flames; and, lastly, nothing is left but the outer walls.

The gun-boats also opened fire at long ranges, as well as a small French steamer; but as their shot nearly all fell short or wide, I do not take any note of their performances, except by saying they were not of much use.

The French steamer was unceasingly firing shells, either over the masts of the *Recruit*, or over the boats, and few of them ever reached the shore. Her practice was by no means pleasant, for had any of her shells burst at the muzzle of the gun, we should have come in for the splinters; so the eternal whiz of shells overhead was anything but comforting. The gun-boats must have expended a good sum of money uselessly to-day, if it is true, as I hear, that the Lancaster shells cost £20 each!

The day was hot, and the sea calm. Soon after our fire commenced, the Russians hoisted black flags on the large handsome building near the church, and on two or three others, to denote that they were hospitals, and as such were respected by us, but many of our shot must have gone unpleasantly near to them; but I do not believe they were in the least degree injured, although in such a crowd of buildings it was difficult to avoid occasionally striking any one in particular. The boats advanced unmolested, for as the Russians had no artillery, they could not oppose them at so great a distance. At the same

time, we could see large convoys crossing the plain in rear of the town—apparently the inhabitants driving off their cattle, and moving their portable property. The boats commenced action by pouring a heavy fire of shells and rockets into the long range of buildings on the beach, to fire them and dislodge any troops which might have been concealed there; and when they arrived within range, the Russians replied with a fire of musketry, which, happily, had little effect.

Having such a strong force of guns we had it pretty much our own way; and the sailors kept up a constant chaffing at each good shot, and as the people ran, when a shell burst near them.

Orders had been given in the morning not to fire at the churches; but when the Russian troops were seen to shelter themselves in them, and to fire from behind the railings outside, the orders were cancelled, and shells and rockets soon dislodged the enemy. The governor's house fared no better, and a large fire broke out in an adjoining building. I saw a beautiful shot made at one church, indeed

I suggested its direction. It was a Moorsom's shell from an eight-inch gun, and it struck the tower. Smoke issuing from the windows proved that it had burst, and a round hole in the wood-work showed where it had entered. It was very amusing to see the large shells leaping up the slopes of the cliff, and flying over the houses, in long bounds, until they finally disappeared in a cloud of smoke. At half-past ten a.m. a man ran down to the shore, near the custom-house, took off his cap, waved it, bowed, and gesticulated violently, evidently wishing to be taken off. A French boat went in with a white flag, and brought him on board the *Recruit*. He was a Russian in uniform, and for some time was so drunk that he could give no account of himself, but endeavoured to fraternize with every one. By degrees he got more sober, when he stated that he was a non-commissioned officer of the commissariat attached to the hospitals in Taganrog, which contained near two hundred men—that there were four regiments of Cossacks in the town; about three thousand two hundred men in all, some of whom had only just arrived.

On being asked his reason for deserting, he said neither he nor the other soldiers were well treated ; and that he had heard that English brandy was very good, and he wanted to get some. His request was refused, as it was thought he had had enough for the present. When he found he was not to have it, he asked to be put on shore again—which modest request was also refused. Many were seen, when our fire was hottest, to take off their caps and kneel down, facing towards the boats. By half-past eleven o'clock a.m. there were five distinct fires in the town and storehouses, including the shipping and large raft of timber before-mentioned. These were all on the eastern side of the promontory : on the western side the scene was far different. Large flocks of geese were swimming unconcernedly about ; and a herd of cattle, standing leg deep in the water, reminded one more of a landscape-scene than a picture of war.

By a quarter-past three o'clock p.m. our object was pretty well accomplished, and the boats commenced to draw off. The damage done was immense. The whole range of

buildings on the beach under the cliff—from the custom-house on the left, to the shipping and building-yard on the right—was a line of flames, perhaps a mile and a-half long. A large house on the cliff above, supposed to be the governor's, was also burning; and a church close by was much damaged by shot—for the Russian riflemen sheltered themselves there, and we had been obliged to shell it in order to dislodge them. Many of the fires had been lighted and kept burning by a party of volunteers, who landed constantly for the purpose. Had they gone far from the shore, or landed at all without being covered by the fire of the boats, they would have been inevitably cut off by the troops, and our loss might have been serious. As it was, we had only one man slightly wounded; and the loss of the Russians must have been far more than what they assert in the *Invalide Russe*—viz., one Cossack killed.

That our loss was not greater is to be attributed more to the vigorous fire kept up by the boats, which prevented all serious molestation, than to what might be supposed was the

unarmed state of the enemy, who poured in a sharp and constant fire of musketry. Their resistance, however, was of little avail, as long as we kept afloat, or did not go far from the beach. It was evident from the first that the Russians, having no guns, were destitute of means adequate to repel the great naval force we could bring against them, and they must have known it also. The governor, therefore, was greatly to blame for exposing the inhabitants to so much unnecessary misery. I do not recognize the beauties of a paternal government which causes so much affliction to its subjects.

The boats brought back with them a Greek, who was taken with a musket in his hand. He was a civilian, and was very groggy. He said that yesterday the police issued arms to the inhabitants, and told them to defend themselves. As the boats were returning, some riflemen ran down to a bank near the edge of the cliff, and opened fire upon them. Some mounted Cossacks also showed themselves, but a shell from the *Recruit* put the whole of them to flight. The Cossacks bolted as hard

as they could go, stooping on to their horses' necks, and digging their heels into their sides. There seem to be no medium in a Cossack. He always seems to be either quite stationary, or to be galloping as hard as his horse can carry him.

About four o'clock p.m. the boats were taken in tow by the steamers, and we returned to the squadron. I was horribly tired, having been all day under a hot sun, with nothing to eat except some gingerbread-nuts. Two Greek vessels were brought away which had been found at anchor. No doubt they had made a good business of it, by conveying stores across the Sea of Azoff. Their masters pretended that they had been detained by the blockade. They will be towed to Kertch, and turned out into the Black Sea, that they may render no more assistance to the Russians.

The *Lady Nancy* proved a 'great success.' Seventy-eight rounds were fired from her without doing her the least damage. During the day, the *Sulina* went, with a launch, to destroy some small vessels at the mouth of the Don; but the water was so shallow that

even the launch grounded, and all, except one, escaped up the river.

To advance up the Don to Azoff or Rostoff would be a dangerous expedition without a number of gun-boats of very light draught of water, and a land force, with light field-pieces, to move at the same time along shore. There is a great deficiency in the equipment of this squadron. They should carry some five hundred marines, who would prove of most essential service, and enable us to penetrate into the towns, and thereby destroy stores at a distance from the water ; whereas at present it is rarely safe to land in a town offering resistance, or, at all events, to move the seamen and few marines we have beyond the beach, lest they should be cut off by an unseen enemy. These five hundred marines would land, taking field-pieces with them, and would prove more than a match for four times their number of Cossacks.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIOPOL—TEMRIOUK—YENIKALÉ—KERTCH.

June 5th.—THE squadron weighed yesterday, and anchored off Mariopol, a neat-looking, straggling town, and apparently incapable of offering any resistance. A church and club-house, or library, are, as usual, the most conspicuous buildings, with their green roofs. Club-houses seem to be an institution common to all Russian towns I have seen.

At half-past six a.m. the boats went in with a flag of truce, but could find no authorized person to treat with. The Austrian Consul came down to the shore, and gave in-

MARIOPOL.

formation that six hundred Cossacks had just left. Accordingly, the boats were sent in armed, and the flag of truce was hauled down. A few shots were fired from the ships, by way of intimidation. A shot from a gun-boat struck the church just over the porch, and then fell to the ground. A Russian ran up to it, and tried to carry it off, but it was too heavy for him ; so another came to his assistance, and they rolled it over the open ground, until they were out of sight. I suppose it will be put up in the church as an offering to some saint or other. Parties of seamen and marines were landed, and marched through the town. No molestation was offered to them ; indeed, most of the inhabitants had deserted the place, and those remaining gave every assistance—pointed out the stores and public buildings, and even gave beer to some of our men. There were no vessels, but some large grain-stores, which, with the police and passport offices, custom-house, &c., were burnt. The people collected on some hills near and looked on at the destruction. Geese and pigs seem to be the live-stock most common in Russian towns,

and both from Taganrog and here a great many geese were brought off by the boats—some say, nearly as many as a hundred to-day alone. The sailors chased them about, shot at them, and cut them down with their cutlasses, assisted by the Russians, who seemed to enjoy the fun; no doubt, they were not the original proprietors of the geese. After an expedition of this sort, nothing is more common than to see large pigs lying in the boats. It is highly absurd to see a long-legged pig going his best by a lot of sailors, who fire a volley at and miss him, or perhaps give him a slight wound. This only makes him go the faster. They then give chase and finish him with their cutlasses, and haul the prize down to the boat, with his back and sides sliced like a crimped cod.

The French are the best hands at plundering. It is said that on these occasions they always tell off a party for the purpose, and divide the proceeds. They found a lot of money to-day in a cart leaving the town, and carried it off for their own benefit. For this, however, they cannot be blamed. In the

afternoon, the squadron moved to the opposite side of the gulf of the Don, and anchored off Gheisk, a small town, and not of much consequence.

6th.—The boats were armed early in the morning, ready to go in, and a flag of truce was sent on ahead. About noon, it returned. The military governor—Colonel Borsikoff—having only a small force, wisely surrendered. Accordingly, only a few boats went in, with some officers and marines; also a party of French, to destroy whatever stores there might be. On landing, they were met by the governor and his staff, dressed in uniform. There were also horses and carriages in waiting. Part of them mounted, and went off to burn a row of hay-stacks, perhaps a mile long, on the edge of a low cliff. The governor suggested that they should be thrown over the cliff instead of burning them. It was a clever notion, especially as it would have taken our force of men at least a week to do it. Others went in a calèche to the governor's house, accompanied by a few marines, for whom a carriage was also provided. The governor

took them round the town, and showed them the stores, and had the doors forcibly opened wherever they were found to be locked. He caused the grain to be taken out of the stores, lest the town should be burnt, and provided some tar barrels to make it burn quicker. He also made an offer of some live-stock, which was declined. He then sent for some champagne, which was drank to his health.

The very polite reception we met with here caused no little pleasure and surprise; and I have a very high opinion of Colonel Borsikoff. I believe it is a novel feature in war for the weaker parties, unasked, to send horses and carriages for the stronger to drive about in; at all events, it is an innovation highly to be recommended.

The whole coast of the Sea of Azoff is very low, except between Kertch and Arabat; and Gheisk is no exception to the rule. Wind-mills as usual abound. In the evening the squadron got under weigh for Temriouk, thirty-eight miles east of Yenikalé.

7th.—A quiet day—no firing or fighting going on, and the change was very pleasant.

The eternal firing of guns, of late got rather tiresome ; and I frequently lay down and went to sleep in the cabin, with a ten-inch gun blazing away over my head. At half-past seven p.m. we anchored off Temriouk—wind blowing fresh, and the sea very rough for such shallow water. Temriouk is built on an elevated promontory, between two lakes or limans, and separated from the sea by a sandy spit, through which there is a narrow entrance. All I could see of the town, was a church, some large buildings, and stacks of what appeared to be grain. The remainder was behind the crest of the hill. Near the town were a lot of tents, and horses picketed on the hills. It was apparently a cavalry encampment.

8th.—Blowing hard and sea running high—far too rough weather for any boating operations ; for to reach the shore the boats would have to cross a bar, over which a surf was breaking. They would have to cross the liman inside ; and if even they succeeded in getting in, they would be unable to return, with wind and sea dead against them. In the

morning the *Stromboli* was ordered to proceed to Gheisk, in search of the *Medina*, which was missing. Accordingly the *Lady Nancy* was anchored, and we got under weigh. The raft has, up to this time, been towed above a hundred miles astern of the *Stromboli*, going at full speed in rough weather, and it is now as strong as when it was first constructed.

9th.—At four o'clock p.m. we ran on a bank, the Dolga Knoll. The ship struck three times—the shock awoke me, and I thought all was up for a time, and that we should stick. However, it was luckily only the edge of the bank where we touched; and without the engines stopping, we got again into deep water.

Arrived off Gheisk before mid-day—there was no *Medina* to be seen, so we went about, back again to Temriouk.

10th.—Arrived off Temriouk early. The squadron had left, excepting the *Vesuvius* and a gun-boat, and the French steamers—so we went on to Kertch, the others following us.

Our foray through the Sea of Azoff has been most successful. Upwards of three hundred vessels have been destroyed, and

grain and other stores to an enormous amount. The communication has also been destroyed by sea, and along the Tongue of Arabat, and Perekop and the Tchongar road are now the only ones open to the Russians. Could we stop those, the Crimea and the whole Russian army would soon be ours—for the latter must surrender for want of supplies.

At ten o'clock a.m. we were off Yenikalé. The straits were full of steamers and transports, our troops are encamped outside, and are engaged in fortifying it on the land side. Kertch was still burning, the dockyard had just been set on fire. The batteries at Ak Bournon were levelled, and the guns had been placed on board the *Simoom* for conveyance to England. The fleet was still at anchor where we left them. The *Stromboli* went down and received orders to return to Kertch Bay, and assist the *Furious* in burning grain-stores, &c. Accordingly, she anchored as close to the town as the depth of water would permit.

The colours of the allies were flying at the mast-heads of all the ships, and we heard that on the 7th the French had succeeded in

taking the Mamelon, and that we had taken the Quarries, but with considerable loss.

Information also had been received that Anapa had been abandoned on the 5th by the Russians. It was brought to the admiral by Captain Hughes, who came from Soujak to Kertch in an open boat just in time to stop the expedition which was about to start to commence hostilities there. As he passed Anapa he saw the place on fire, and the Circassians in it. Admiral Houston Stewart had gone down in the *Hannibal* to inspect the place. As soon as the *Stromboli* had anchored, parties of seamen and marines were sent on shore. Marine sentries had been posted along the quays to prevent 'loot'—i.e., plunder—from being carried off; and no one, unless on duty, was allowed to land.

The town of Kertch is built half round, and in front of a hill rising from the bay, along the shore of which is a fine quay, where most of the principal houses were; but the chief part of the town is round the hill, and away from the water.


The houses and buildings along the quay

chiefly belonged to government officials, or were foundries, manufactories, or store-houses, and contained large quantities of grain, coals, timber, iron, &c. Great numbers of private houses also contained grain, which was piled up in the cellars and ground-floor, while above were often handsomely-furnished dwelling apartments.

As the English and French troops were to re-embark, orders had been given to destroy all these stores—a measure which I consider was perfectly unnecessary ; for all, or nearly all, might have been carried away by our ships, so many of which were, with their crews, lying idle, and the stores would have been of the greatest service. The grain for the troops, the coals for the ships, and the timber and iron for the engineers, who require a vast quantity ; and a great deal of it was planking of the best quality. To me it appeared like burning our own property, and was a useless destruction. If the crews had been employed in shipping it, and paid for their labour, it would have been as prize-money to them, and both they and the public service would have profited.

When Anapa was known to be abandoned, there was an additional reason for not destroying it. However, the order was given, and it had to be carried out. It is a difficult job to burn grain, as it does not readily catch fire, or consume without some auxiliary, such as coals or wood.

It was found the most effective plan, with the limited means at our disposal, to burn the houses containing it; thereby, if it did not consume, there was a chance of smoking it, so as to make it unfit for use. To burn a house was very simple. We piled up furniture either in the corner of a room, or at the bottom of a staircase, or both, then put down a bundle of straw or paper, of which there was always plenty lying about; lastly, a lucifer-match, and the business was soon done. The crackling of the panes of glass soon showed that the flames were doing their work. The windows of the best houses were generally double, as in all European towns which are subject to severe winters. The burning of so many houses on each side of the streets made it painful to walk about. The day was hot, and the fires made it trebly so, and the great



quantity of wood-smoke was most distressing to the eyes. There were very few English about in the town; but although they were debarred from plundering—and our seamen and marines were threatened with severe punishment if they were detected in taking anything away—the French and Turks were by no means under the same restrictions, and ‘looted’ everything they could get. They were going about the town in parties, and carrying down to their boats furniture, and even pianofortes. One would think the latter were not of much use to a Turk. Broken furniture, sacks of flour, and miscellaneous articles were lying in profusion on the quay and at the edge of the water. This sort of work had now been going on for some time; and the result was that the town had been plundered most effectually between men-of-war’s men, crews of transports, French, Turks, and Tartars, and some of the inhabitants themselves.

When the army first marched in, Sir George Brown, posted some French soldiers as sentries at the corners of the streets, with orders to allow none to fall out; but they were, of course,

removed after the troops had passed through. He then ordered that no plundering should be allowed ; but left no troops to enforce it, and protect the inhabitants, or their property. Consequently the orders were a dead letter. Indeed he had no troops to spare for the purpose.

As there was no real restriction, the chief inhabitants left the place—carrying off what valuables they could ; and the plundering soon commenced. Our sailors, no doubt, got their share at the first, but the English troops got little or none, for they were hard at work at Yenikalé ; and were not allowed to go into Kertch. From many of the houses in the town, tri-coloured flags were suspended, often with the notice, “ *Cette maison est sous la protection Française.*” It was said, and I fancy not without some reason, that these houses were reserved to be plundered at leisure. In some cases the inhabitants hung out the French flags, thereby hoping their houses would escape the general fate ; but the dodge was too shallow to deceive such accomplished ‘looters’. I have heard that the French used

to go about armed, and when they found anything worth having, would post themselves as sentries on the house, pretending they had special orders to admit no one; and when assistance came up, would carry off what they had found. This may be a libel, but it is not improbable. [This all refers to some time ago, when the only restriction to plundering was Sir George Brown's *order*.]

The town might be described as nearly deserted. I went into a great number of houses, and found them all cleared out and nothing left worth taking away. It must be remembered, that now upwards of a fortnight has elapsed since the allies entered. In some of the principal dwelling-houses, including I believe the governor's, I could see nothing but piles of paper, chiefly writing paper, books, official documents, and broken furniture, for the plunderers seemed to have smashed everything they did not consider worth the trouble, or were unable to remove; and some had left in the principal rooms such characteristic marks of their visits as plainly showed to what nation they belonged.

I went into a large, and what had been a handsomely-furnished, house. The sofas had their covers torn off and cushions ripped up. Papers and Russian books were knee-deep on the floors; and, after a long hunt, I could discover nothing worth bringing away except an English-made lead pencil. I then found my way to the cellar, where there were plenty of bottles, but all empty, and the only liquid I could find unspilled or unconsumed was a cask of vinegar. It was dark, as cellars usually are; and I thought I was alone, but, as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw a French sailor following me in.

This house may be looked upon as an average specimen of the state the town was in. There was an hotel, but it was stripped of everything. The cellars of this and many other houses were full of ice. There was also a club-house, which, at first, was kept open, and a number of English officers—fifty or so in one day—fed there; but the servants struck work, and the place was abandoned. There had been a large ladies' school, and the inmates waved their handkerchiefs to the

troops as they marched through ; but they prudently left soon after, instead of waiting for any demonstration of the feeling of the Allies !

Some of the streets were wide and good ; there was an arcade full of shops, now deserted and empty. One shop had been a druggist's ; the bottles were all smashed, and the drugs were lying about the floor. Kertch as it was, and Kertch as it is, are two very different states of existence. I went into many of the shops, which were shut and nearly empty ; perhaps, a few things remained, such as bags of rice, macaroni, vinegar, &c. Anybody was welcome to take them away without payment, as there was no one to look after them ; for the shopkeepers, having kept their shops open for some days, sold off a good deal of their stock ; and then, being seized with a panic, went off into the interior, perhaps leaving a servant behind. He was generally drunk, or asleep on the counter, in company with several others.

The best class of remaining inhabitants were Germans and Italians. Fear generally prevailed, and the lower classes were robbing

each other with impunity. The Turks and French were not a bit worse in the plundering way than the others. I believe the Tartars were about the first to begin, and encouraged the Turks to follow their example. Of course the subversion of all the regular authorities is the signal for the rascals in every town to break loose and commit all sorts of excesses.

I believe the churches are still untouched, but I hear from good authority that the priests would sell anything in them ; and then, of course, assert that they had been plundered. We were hard at work burning for some hours, and I had a good share in firing more houses to-day than I ever expected to have burnt in a life-time. When we stopped work in the evening, most of the houses along the quays were in flames.

There is a large open space at the principal landing-place, where were collected a number of the poorer inhabitants with their women and children. They were to be shipped to some other part of Russia, and were without any covering, except what was on their backs. They had with them what little pro-

perty they still possessed. Some had poultry and eggs, which they were glad to sell, and found a ready market, for we were looking for fresh provisions ; I, in particular, having had but little else except salt-meat and biscuit since we entered the Sea of Azoff. Sometimes we got a few geese, which formed a most agreeable variety to the every-day salt-pork or beef, both at breakfast and dinner. The opportunities of getting hold of fresh meat and bread were 'few and far between,' as our communication with the shore was necessarily limited.

After dark, the town was lighted up with the glare of the burning houses.

11th.—On shore very early. The burning still carried on, and the destruction and desolation are great. Some more houses were discovered to contain grain, and were quickly in flames. In one store I went into, which was already on fire, I saw a puppy in a corner, from which he was unable to escape, and would soon have been burnt. I crawled along a place where the flames had not yet reached, and rescued him ; the poor little beast had

evidently been there some time without food or water. I sent him on board, and he soon recovered health and spirits. I went up to the museum, on the hill overlooking the town. What it originally contained I do not know; for it was completely gutted, nothing being left except some pieces of broken sculpture, and some slabs with inscriptions on them, that were too heavy to be removed. The 'looting' of the museum, and of Kertch, and, indeed, the whole expedition, is admirably described in Mr. Russell's letters to the *Times*. He had great difficulties to contend with, as Sir George Brown refused to give him leave to land, saying that he would have no d——d newspaper correspondents there.

Sir George's orders, both on this occasion and against plundering, were not of the least value, as he had not the power to enforce them; indeed, he had not any right to refuse leave for Mr. Russell to land, when merchant seamen ran about as they liked.

The French and Turks were again busy at *their* work. While I was standing on the quay, a woman came by, driving a cow. Some officers

went up to her, and tried to negotiate the purchase of it; but, as they could not come to terms, the woman went on. She soon came back minus the cow, and said that the French had taken it from her without payment! From what I could hear, the inhabitants were most in fear of the Turks and Tartars. The former in particular had committed great atrocities. I will give one as an instance. A Turkish officer walking through the town, with, as usual, a soldier in attendance upon him, entered a house, in which were a woman and a child. The latter, being frightened, ran into a sort of closet in the room. The officer proceeded to offer violence to the woman, who resisted; upon which he spoke some words to the attendant-soldier, who went to the closet, drew his sword, and pinned the child to the wall with it. I heard this from the best authority, and I believe it to be true, and to be only one of many horrible crimes perpetrated in Kertch by that *noble* and *brave* people, whom we *profess* so much friendship for, and the integrity of whose empire we have pledged ourselves to preserve!

I took Otho, our interpreter, with me, and went about the town to try to purchase poultry. After much trouble, I got some. Their owners kept them hidden in the back-yards and cellars of their houses for safety. We went to the house of an Italian, who before the war had been the Sardinian Consul. He gave us some wine, and said that he had dispatched all his furniture to a village in the interior, for fear of being plundered. It was evident that it had gone somewhere, for his house was all but empty. He told us that the Cossacks would come in as soon as we left, and carry off what little remained.

Some of them are always within two or three miles of the town. I heard that they had come so close as to fire at some of the men belonging to the *Furious*. The Russian police are still in charge of the gaol and the prisoners. No doubt they act as spies for the Russians.

The heat and wood-smoke in the town was very great. It was nine o'clock before I got on board, very tired, and my skin feeling like parchment, from being so long exposed to the

fire and smoke. The last thing before we came away was to hunt for a sailor, who had run away from the boats to have a lark. After a long search, he was seen coming out of a dark passage. Chase was immediately given; he was run down and captured. I left the ship before his punishment came off, but I hope he got three dozen, well put in!

12th.—The paddle-box boats of the *Stromboli* were employed all day, in embarking the 79th from the Lazzaretto, and taking them on board the *Colombo*. As soon as they had all left, flames and thick smoke issued from the building. It had been purposely fired, and was soon gutted. The 71st remain here, a wing at Yenikalé, and the other wing at Ak Bournou. All day long troops were disembarking from Yenikalé. Some explosive machines have been found in the arsenal. They were of most injurious construction, and would soon have been laid down in the straits. A boom made of large spars, connected by strong chains, is lying on the beach, and no doubt would have been placed to prevent our passage, if the attack

had been longer delayed. The Admiral and Sir George Brown visited Kertch to-day ; the latter saw French soldiers plundering, and, I heard, was surprised that his orders should be disobeyed ! In all probability they never heard them ; and, if they had, were not likely to pay any attention.

I believe our success here, and in the Sea of Azoff, is chiefly attributable to Sir Edmund Lyons, who had to encounter great opposition to get the expedition undertaken at all. I believe that there is very little doubt that he is the best man of his rank out in the East, whether admiral, general, or diplomatist !

I go about a great deal among all branches of the service, and he is the only man of whom I never hear any one speak ill—and that says volumes in his favour.

13th.—Early in the morning, the *Stromboli* moved down to the fleet and anchored, for the purpose of taking in coals, provisions, shot and shell, and a number of large howitzers, the latter for the defence of the point of Ak Bournou, on the land-side.

The troop-ships are starting for Balaklava. It does appear to be a great mistake taking the troops back to where there are already too many. With every deference to superior knowledge and judgment, I submit that much might be done by landing at Kaffa, and making it the base for the future operations of an army, especially cavalry. The troops would operate between Kaffa and Arabat, so retaining possession of the promontory of Kertch. From Kaffa they might take the field, and move upon Simpheropol, or penetrate far enough to harass the enemy's convoys, along the Salghir river. I imagine that the country is well-adapted for cavalry operations, and that forage is plentiful at this time of year.

As the *Stromboli* was to remain at Kertch, I obtained a passage in the *Royal Albert* to Anapa and Kasatch. A cot was slung for me in the cockpit, close to the engine and funnel. It was fearfully hot, and soon after midnight all hands were turned up to weigh anchor. So that what with the boatswain's whistles, the band playing, and the rattling of the chain-

cable, the noise was tremendous; which, together with the heat, kept me awake the greater part of the night.

I was uncommonly glad when it was time for me to get up, and clear out of so unpleasant a quarter.

CHAPTER V.

ANAPA.

June 14th. — At nine a.m. we arrived off Anapa, accompanied by all the screw-ships. The French had sailed yesterday, and were here waiting for us. Leave was given for all to go on shore, and an hour was allowed to see the place; it was ample, for there was very little to be seen.

Anapa is built on a promontory, with a low cliff. Behind is a plain, rising gradually to the mountains in the background, a spur or commencement of the mountains of the Caucasus. To the north the shore is low and

well-adapted for landing troops. To the southward are high cliffs, and, as well as I could see, the country near appeared to be very barren. The town, if it deserves the name, is wretched, being merely a collection of mud huts, used as barracks. I should rather call it a fortified cantonment. There is a church of the usual form. There *was* a commandant's house and a large barrack, but the Russians burnt them before they left, and the whole place was cleared of everything valuable. There were also a lot of paltry gardens. There were large stores of shells, shot, and grape-shot, canister, wooden bottoms for shells, fuses, and other *matériel* of war, which the Russians were unable to destroy; but they had blown up their magazines, thereby making large breaches in the walls, and had destroyed most of their guns and mortars, either by spiking them, or knocking off the trunnions, which they had hammered into the muzzles. The number of ordnance of all sizes in the place are fifteen mortars, twenty-one howitzers, and eighty guns.

The fortifications were not nearly so strong

as I had expected. If we had landed troops, and the garrison had not retired, they could not have long held out, as the place would have been invested, and they would have been short of water, of which there is a very small supply inside the walls. Outside there is nothing but the cemetery and a few wind-mills.

The ships alone might have smashed the place in a short time, with some little loss, as they could have gone close in, and enfiladed both the land and sea faces, and every shot would have taken effect—for those which went over the sea-defences would have passed through the town, and gone into the rear of the land-defences. The troops we saw at Temriouk were, most likely, part or the whole of the late garrison, who had crossed the Kouban river; and were on their way along the eastern coast of the Sea of Azoff to Taganrog; and perhaps from there to the Crimea—rather a long step for them.

There were a few Turkish troops in the place, and a lot of Circassians, who were wandering about the streets both mounted and dismounted.

They were wild-looking men, dressed in long brown coats, and high caps, the latter covered half-way up with sheep-skin. Their breasts were covered with cartridge-cases, and they were armed with bows and arrows, and old pistols, guns, and swords, which they seemed to value highly, for they would not sell them. In two or three instances which I saw, they attempted to ride off with the money offered in exchange for their arms; and I have a very mild notion of their honesty. They made constant requests for 'baroot'—*i.e.*, gunpowder—of which I do not think they got much; and if they had, I very much question whether their guns would go off. Although they would not sell their arms, they had no objection to trade; and the report was current that they would give two women in exchange for a revolver; but it is doubtful if the owner of the latter could have considered them as 'value received!'—I mean, equivalent in value to the pistol. Still they are fine-looking men; but there is no use depending upon their ever offering any combined or efficient resistance to Russia; for they have

always international feuds, like the Highlanders a hundred years ago. They hate the Russians very much, but they hate each other a great deal more.

The fleet left Anapa at mid-day, steering for Sebastopol. The sea was smooth as glass. It is wonderful to see these large screw-ships moving along so rapidly, hardly leaving a wave behind. Even the motion of the screw is hardly felt.

15th.—Passed Balaklava early, and about nine o'clock a.m. anchored off Kasatch. I went ashore in the afternoon, sent up my traps in a cart, walked up to the Second Division, and again took up my quarters with the same friend with whom I formerly lived—viz., the accomplished caterer of our mess.

CHAPTER VI.

ATTACK ON THE MALAKHOFF AND REDAN.

June 16th.—VERY hot. The Guards and Highlanders marched up from Balaklava, and encamped in rear of the Fourth Division. A general feeling prevails that an assault will be made on Monday, and there are few who do not feel confident of our success. I rode about for some hours with Colonel Yea, of the 7th Fusiliers, whom I had long been acquainted with. He told me that he was in command in the Right Attack, the day after the capture of the Mamelon, and that, during the armistice for burying the dead, he

had a long conversation with some Russian officers. He complimented them on the way they had defended the place, and told them, among other things, that he thought the siege would not last much longer. They examined his revolver with great curiosity (and they got it afterwards). He had heard yesterday from Lord Hardinge that the good-service pension had been awarded to him, and he appeared greatly pleased. It was less than he deserved, as he was one of the bravest and most hard-working officers out here. I say *was*, for it was the last time I saw him. In three days more he was in his grave, having been killed in the attack on the Redan. Except in this good-service pension, he died unhonoured and unrewarded, owing to the dilatory way in which our rewards are distributed to the deserving. Certainly, he was one of the killed whose names afterwards appeared in the *Gazette*, with the notification that he would have been made a Companion of the Bath if he had lived; but it is poor satisfaction for a man to be neglected while alive, and decorated when dead!

17th.—The batteries opened fire at daylight, and kept it up during the day. The Russian fire in return was weak; probably they did not think it right to expose their men until the proper moment arrived. The French batteries on the left were silent all the morning, but at two o'clock in the afternoon opened with vigour. In the evening, orders came out for storming to-morrow; the day was selected at Pelissier's request, so I understand, to cement the alliance between England and France, and no doubt to try and obliterate Waterloo from our exultant recollection, either by success or failure. All the troops are to turn out at midnight—a bad arrangement, for the camp will be illuminated at an unusual hour, and thereby show to the Russians that mischief is brewing, and will give them ample warning to prepare.

All were most cheery and confident of success, saying, that before a week had elapsed, we should be in possession of the south side, and all looking forward with delight to an end of the trench duty.

During the afternoon a black flag was

hoisted on the Redan, and gave rise to much speculation as to what it could mean. Some said that it was hoisted in defiance, and that we might expect no quarter. The Russians no doubt expected that something was going to take place, and the flag was in all probability a signal of some sort or other.

18th.—To give an account of this day's fight and failure is a most difficult undertaking. The firing was very heavy all night. Shortly after midnight the troops marched down to the trenches. I was not in bed, having merely lain down for an hour or two. I turned out at two o'clock a.m., and went over to a friend's tent about a quarter of a mile distant, to get some breakfast. Lord Raglan was then going down to the trenches. Soon after him came the cavalry, comprising most of the Light Brigade.

At three o'clock a.m. I went up to Cathcart's Hill, and then down to within a short distance in rear of Chapman's Battery—as I wished if possible to get a good view of the attack on the Redan, in preference to seeing the French go in at the Malakhoff; but I think

I should have done better if I had gone near the 'Look-out' Station, near the picket-house. When I got down, the grey dawn was just appearing in the east. There was a tremendous fire kept up from our batteries. Shells were unceasingly bursting in the Redan and Malakhoff, lighting up with a red flame through the thick smoke, and then disappearing. A fire was also burning in the town.

At half-past three o'clock a.m. the smoke was very thick, and, at the distance I was, it was still too dark to see. A shower of rockets was sent up from the Mamelon; soon after, another from our trenches. The light was then beginning to get red in the east; the air was full of flying shells; the rolling of the musketry was very heavy, and continued for a long time. By and by the cavalry came down to clear the ground, and drove all back as far as the limekiln, in front of which a line of mounted sentries was placed. No person was allowed to pass them except on duty. It was a great farce, on the occasion of an assault—as if it were a review in England—to have a brigade of cavalry to keep the ground,

and prevent some three or four hundred people—most of whom were officers, or others connected with the army—from getting a good view of what was going on. If they had been left alone, the Russian shells would have prevented the spectators from going too far, as soon as it became light enough for them to be seen. The real reason of the cavalry being there was, that Lord Raglan was confident of success, and wished to prevent unauthorized people and merchant-seamen, &c., from getting into the town. If they had got in, they could have done no harm except to themselves; and if they were killed, it was their own fault.

Later in the morning, the spectators were ordered to retire to Cathcart's Hill, where they remained until all was over; and a line of cavalry sentries was placed along the front of the camp.

The First Division were lying down all the time in front of the picket-house near the Woronzoff-road, and out of fire—except, perhaps, a chance round shot or two, which did did no damage.

All were enquiring for news, and asking

what was going on; for the smoke was still very thick, and the noise tremendous, and we could see but little. We heard that our attack on the Redan, and that of the French on the Malakhoff, had failed. We had been previously so certain of success, that we could not understand how it could be so, or realize it as a fact.

At twenty minutes past six a.m. the sun shone out brightly, and the wind blew away the smoke. I could see the Quarries full of our troops, but apparently nothing was going on. A long triangular blue flag was flying on the Malakhoff, and gave rise to all sorts of enquiries as to what it could be or mean. The French, in particular, were most eager in directing attention to it. We heard that Colonel Shadforth, of the 57th, and several others were killed; but, during an action, such reports are always flying about, and are so frequently false that I pay no attention to them. Between seven and eight o'clock, I went down the hill to get something to eat. The firing had then ceased.

About ten o'clock, our troops retired, and the affair was at an end.

I then went up to the look-out station before mentioned, and with a glass I could see the dead lying all about in front of the Russian works. I counted sixty dead Frenchmen lying in front of what the Russians call the Gervais Battery, which is to the proper right of the Malakhoff, and some of them were close up to the ditch. There was no difficulty in seeing them, for their red trousers made them most conspicuous. The French, at one time, were in possession of this battery, and penetrated nearly to the docks; but they were driven back or cut off by the Russians, who give a full account of the various attacks in their despatch.

The wounded French were being brought up the middle ravine in great numbers. At eleven a.m. a dust storm came on, with high wind, and obscured the air for quite an hour; and the effect of it was blinding, and drove me in. I hear that during the obscurity it caused, some men who had lain down for safety, or been slightly wounded,

and were still out on the open ground in front of the Redan, were enabled to escape back into our trenches. There can be no doubt that, had we taken the Redan, we could not have held it, so long as the Malakhoff was in the possession of the Russians; and, as the French failed in their attack, we should not have made ours, except for the purpose of creating a diversion.

I do not know the exact force of our attacking column, but it was far too small ever to have had the least chance of success. I gather this from what I have heard from many who are far more competent to form an opinion than myself. I hear there was an understanding that the French should hoist a blue flag when they got into the Malakhoff, and as the Russians themselves hoisted a blue flag, probably as a signal for more troops to be sent to their assistance, it caused great confusion, and originated our attack.

The French also changed their plans, and thereby threw us out. It had been at first intended and arranged that the Russians should be shelled unceasingly for three hours

after daylight, and that then the assault should come off. But late last night, Pelissier sent over to Lord Raglan to say that he intended to attack at three o'clock, which, of course, was very short notice for us, and caused great inconvenience.

During the assault on the Redan, General Eyre, with a brigade of the Third Division, captured the cemetery below our Left Attack, but not satisfied with their success, our troops pushed on further, and got terribly cut up by the fire of the Russians. I believe I am correct when I say, that it was directly contrary to Lord Raglan's orders that our troops made any advance beyond the cemetery. No good could possibly have resulted from their so doing.

On either side of the valley forming the head of the dockyard harbour, are the steep, almost precipitous hills crowned by the Flagstaff Battery and the Barrack Battery, and in front was the Strand Battery (called, I think, by the Russians, the battery of the Peresype), to attack which our men had to cross a large open space, most difficult to

traverse, being partly very rough ground, and partly deep, muddy soil, and exposed to the fire of the Russians on all sides.

The report that they had got into the town was absurdly false. The town of Sebastopol is enclosed within the Russian works, which they never crossed, if they even got near them. They did manage to get into some houses on the slopes of the hills on both sides, just under the Russian batteries, and there they were obliged to remain all day, exposed to a heavy fire, from which they suffered considerably; and they could only escape back when the darkness of night came on. These houses were still inhabited by the Russians, and our men managed to carry off some plunder.

Captain George Browne, of the 88th regiment, lost his arm to-day by a shot, which came through the parapet of the eight-gun battery, in the Right Attack, and killed a sapper and an artilleryman. An officer of the 95th picked up the arm some little distance off, and did not know whose it was until he saw the number on the buttons.

In the afternoon I went about the camp, as I usually do after a fight, to make enquiries as to the *facts* from those who have participated in it.

Lieutenant Donovan of the 33rd, a most gallant officer, who, I am sorry to say, is since dead, and about whom I shall say more at a future opportunity, told me that he had the greatest difficulty in getting the men out of the trenches, and then to advance afterwards, as there was no banquette to enable them to step in a body over the parapet. They could only come out by twos and threes. They had then to cross a large open space, exposed to a tremendous fire of grape and musketry, equal to, if not exceeding, the fire at the battle of Alma. He went nearly up to the abattis, and received a blow from a stone, which made him feel sick; and finding the men shot down all round him, and being left almost alone, he turned back and got into the trenches, when some one observed to him, that he appeared excited; upon which he recommended him to go out in front, adding that, if he did, in all probability he would get excited also.

The space our men had to cross between our trenches and the Redan, was too wide for them to have succeeded, especially when under such a tremendous fire. They never could live through it. Our attack was too early, for the Russians had been enabled, during the night, to repair the damage done to their works yesterday; and as no horizontal fire was directed upon them before the assault, they were in good condition. This, however, was not the fault of the English. The Light Division advanced from the right of our Right Attack; the distance between the Redan and the trenches they started from was, perhaps, five or six hundred yards. They moved out in open column, Colonel Yea leading them, and advanced against the salient angle of the Redan. Owing to the heavy fire, all order was soon lost; and not being able to get on, the men took shelter in our advanced trenches, upon which the Russians were keeping up a constant heavy fire. Yea, however, got close up to the abattis, and was there shot down. An officer, in whose word I place great faith, told

me that the scaling-ladders were late coming into the advanced trenches—that when they arrived it was getting light, and the embrasures of the Redan were plainly visible. No doubt their being late was owing to the alteration made in the arrangements by General Pelissier. The First Division went into the trenches in the evening.

Although the Russians were the victors on this occasion, their loss, by their own showing, was nearly as great as that of the allies. I subjoin the returns, as copied from the despatches of each nation; and the reader will be enabled to compare them at a glance. We may conclude that a great many Russians returned as *wounded*, received serious injury sufficient to cause death, as those slightly wounded and contused are returned in a separate list.

NUMERICAL RETURN OF CASUALTIES ON THE
MORNING OF THE 18TH OF JUNE, 1855.

ENGLISH ARMY.

Killed.—21 officers, 18 sergeants, 1 drummer, 211 rank and file.

Wounded.—70 officers, 82 sergeants, 8 drummers, 1,040 rank and file.

Missing.—2 officers, 20 rank and file.

Total Casualties.—93 officers, 100 sergeants, 9 drummers, 1,271 rank and file. Total, 1,473.

Add the loss of the Naval Brigade :

1 officer, 13 men killed ; 6 officers, 39 men wounded ; 3 men missing. Total, 62.

Grand total, 1,535.

FRENCH LOSS.

From General Pelissier's despatch.

We had 37 officers killed, 17 taken prisoners.

1,544 non-commissioned officers and privates killed or missing.

96 officers and 1,644 men went to the ambulances.

Many wounds at first thought to be serious will ultimately prove not to be so.

Grand total, 3,338.

RUSSIAN LOSS 17TH AND 18TH OF JUNE.

From Prince Gortschakoff's despatch.

2 superior officers, 14 subaltern officers, 781 soldiers killed.

4 superior officers, 43 subaltern officers, 3,133 soldiers wounded.

1 general, 5 superior officers, 29 subaltern officers, 815 soldiers contused.

Total, 1 general, 11 superior officers, 86 subaltern officers, 4,728 soldiers.

Moreover, 2 generals, 12 superior officers, 57 subaltern officers, and 879 men were slightly wounded, but not sufficiently so to quit the ranks.

Grand total, 5,776.

The Russians arrange their lists of casualties

much better than we do, by dividing them into so many different classes, such as 'wounded,' 'contused,' and 'slightly wounded.' We, on the contrary, include all who are wounded in one list; and it is impossible to distinguish to what extent, or of what nature the wounds may be. Many of our men and officers, too, are returned as wounded, who have merely received a slight blow from a stone, or a graze of the skin, which does not incapacitate them from performing their duty. Such men cannot be considered as *hors de combat*; and it is manifestly absurd and confusing to return them as 'wounded' in the same list with those who have lost limbs, or received injuries which may either render them unfit for further service, or keep them in a hospital for a length of time. Our system also tends greatly to swell the list of casualties, and exaggerate our real loss. For instance, we say that our loss is a hundred killed and wounded—when perhaps the number actually *hors de combat* may not be more than ninety.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ARMISTICE.

June 19th.—THERE was a tremendous row last night in the trenches. The Second and Light Divisions, and the French who were near us, got under arms ; and we all thought something serious was coming off, but the noise subsided after a time. This is the first time the Second Division have been turned out at night since I have been in the camp, from the beginning of April.

I believe there was no attack at all from the Russians. There were a number of troops in the trenches, who were unused to the work,

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and in mistake fired upon some others, upon which a cry was raised that the Russians were making a sortie; hence the noise I have mentioned. In the confusion, one regiment had their grog drank by men belonging to another brigade, and it was the subject of much subsequent joking.

The plague of flies in Camp is almost unbearable. They accumulate by millions in the huts and tents, and cause the greatest annoyance. They get into sugar, water, wine, tea, and everything one has. At night they leave one in peace; but no sooner does day dawn, than they awake one by crawling over any exposed part—and in this hot weather who can remain covered? Nothing but muslin will keep them off one's face, over which they seem to delight in crawling backwards and forwards. There is a melancholy satisfaction in laying mines of gunpowder, baiting them with sugar, and blowing up a few dozen of them; but it is of no use—where you kill one, ten come to his funeral.

Rumours were current of an armistice, for the purpose of burying the dead. For a long




time I could get no information about it ; at last, I heard it was to commence at four p.m. Parade was ordered throughout the camp at that hour, to keep all *regimental* officers at home—a liberal measure ! and the old farce of the cavalry was to be enacted—to allow none down except those upon duty. I was determined to go ; so, seeing the cavalry coming, I started off with a military friend, and by dint of hard riding over ravines, burial grounds, and all sorts of broken ground, we got well ahead of them down the middle ravine, and left our ponies at the entrance of the covered way leading to the trenches, in which we met some obstacles to our progress ; but as I am not in the habit of being deterred by trifles when I set my mind upon doing anything, we surmounted them. It was not yet four o'clock, but the firing had ceased for some time. A white flag was flying in the Quarries and first parallel, but the Russians had not yet answered it. Exactly at four o'clock they hoisted white flags on the Redan and Malakhoff, and other works. Our men left the trenches, and would not be stopped

from running down towards the Redan ; and both sides left the cover of their works. We went out into the open space in front of the Redan. We had parties out with stretchers, bringing in the dead and wounded ; but there appeared to be very few of the latter.

The distance between our advanced trench and the Redan was, perhaps, three or four hundred yards. In front of the salient angle was the abattis, made of trees, with the branches pointing outwards ; and, apparently, by no means an insurmountable obstacle. A few round-shot would soon have made gaps in it. In front of the abattis, a long line of Russian sentries was placed, extending along their works as far as the Malakhoff. These we were not allowed to pass. They were clean, fine-looking men, dressed as usual in the long grey coat and flat forage cap. A few yards in front of them, our line of sentries, belonging to the Highland Brigade, was stationed ; and past them, the Russians were not allowed to go.

The bodies were lying about between our works and the abattis, and were all English at




this part. They were frightful objects, having been lying two days under a broiling sun. It is the fourth battle-field I have seen, and by far the most disgusting. They were swollen to an enormous size—almost bursting their clothes, black in the face, and blistered—and the features almost indistinguishable; their wounds were full of maggots. There was one man, in particular, whose skull had been smashed; his brain was exposed to view, and was alive with them. The ground where they lay was very uneven, full of holes, and covered with long dried grass and weeds, which made it difficult to discover them.

They were found lying in shell-holes, and other cavities, in which they had crawled for shelter; and being shot while crouching down, had so stiffened. There was one ditch, probably an old water-course, which had been enfiladed by the enemy's fire, and was full of dead, who had run in to take refuge. Many were found close up to the abattis—among them was Colonel Yea, who was frightfully disfigured, and swollen so much as hardly to be distinguishable. He had been struck in

the neck and hand by grape-shot. He had been stripped of his sword, revolver, boots, and epaulettes; and, of course, he as well as the others had been deprived of everything valuable they had with them.

Captain Shiffner, of the 34th, was also found near the abattis. I knew him well; and as he was being carried off, I asked to have the cloth removed which concealed his face. He was the only one I saw who was not disfigured, and his features remained much the same as when he was alive. He had been killed by a grape-shot through the body, and was also shot in the leg. The bodies of the officers were taken up to camp, and the men were buried in graves dug in rear of the Quarries. Some half-dozen of our scaling-ladders were lying out. The Russians endeavoured to keep them; but orders were given that we should secure them if possible. Accordingly, four out of the six were used as stretchers, and brought back into the trenches.

I went quite up to the line of Russian sentries. On my looking attentively at the sword of one of the Russian officers, he



politely drew it and handed it to me. I had some conversation with several of them, and said to one that they would all go to England; upon which, he laughed, and replied that rather we should go to Moscow—meaning as prisoners. They talked and laughed with great good humour. The parapets of their works were crowded with spectators, and they had working parties busy repairing their embrasures.

The heat and stench were overpowering, and I soon had enough of so unpleasant a sight, more particularly as I did not feel well; so I started homewards some time before the white flag was hauled down. I was painfully thirsty, and dead beat before we got back to the ponies. I reached home with a throbbing headache, and thirst unquenchable. On my return the cavalry sentries were posted along the front of the camp to allow none to pass.

These cavalry manœuvres gave rise to a 'shave' that a letter had been sent to Prince Gortschakoff, requesting him always to give timely notice of a sortie, that the cavalry might be brought up from Balaklava to keep

the ground, and allow none to pass out of camp except those on duty !

21st.—Rode to Balaklava. I then heard that Mr. Rawlinson, one of the members of the Sanitary Commission, had returned to England. He had gone up to camp some days ago, intending to visit the trenches ; and was going down to the Left Attack in company with another member of the Sanitary Commission, and an officer of artillery. He was riding some few yards behind the others, along the valley in rear of Chapman's Battery, when a shot came over, struck the pommel of his saddle, and knocked him off his horse. It tore open his clothes, and drove his portemonnaie, which he carried in his waistcoat pocket, into his side, inflicting a flesh wound. He was carried up to camp, and placed in one of the hospital huts. That night, the orderly who attended him was seized with cholera and died soon after. The nervous shock occasioned by coming in such close contact with a large cannon-ball, was thereby much aggravated, and it was considered advisable that he should go home for the recovery of his health.

22nd.—Early in the morning, I was seized with a violent attack of illness—a sort of cholera. In the course of a very few hours, I became so weak as to be almost unable to raise my hand, to drive away the swarms of flies which kept me in constant torment. The day was hot, close, and oppressive, and made me worse. I feel much indebted to many friends, to whose kind care I owe my very speedy recovery; for in about three days from the attack, I was able to go about again.

From my experience, I can sympathize with what the sick soldiers in camp suffer from the flies. To afford them any protection from these pests, it has been found necessary to cover their heads with muslin; but this is in itself objectionable, as in such close weather it offers considerable impediment to the free respiration of a man much enfeebled by illness. I have seen cases where wounded officers have been obliged to have men constantly in attendance with fans, to protect them from the intolerable irritation caused by the flies.

23rd.—In the afternoon, an officer, when in

the camp of the Light Division, was attacked by a mob of unruly soldiers, under the pretext that he was a spy. He was dragged off his horse; his medal was torn off; he was then kicked, and shamefully treated. He was dressed in uniform at the time; but his dress was of a fanciful style, and by no means in accordance with the prescribed regulations. This, no doubt, was in some measure the cause of it, coupled with the fact of his being at the time in company with a Deputy Provost Marshal, which gave rise to the suspicion. The last named official remonstrated with the men, as also did several officers, but all to no purpose. It was long before he could be rescued from their violence.

I never heard that any notice was taken of this outrage. Nothing could justify such conduct; and it would only have been right if most severe punishment had been inflicted upon the ruffians. No doubt the officer himself was to blame in wearing so fanciful a uniform, but that was no reason why he should be subjected to such treatment, or that the men should escape with impunity.

There is a spy-catching mania prevailing at present. The army are perpetually finding 'mares' nests,' and seizing people who are not spies, while those who are, manage to pass freely wherever they wish.

This often gives rise to most ludicrous mistakes. I know an officer, who, when on duty one day in the trenches, left his men for a few minutes, and was captured under the pretext that he was a spy, by two officers of another regiment, also on duty there. In vain did he protest, explain, and ask to be escorted back to his own men, who would identify him. They would listen to no reason, and detained him under a guard of soldiers, until some one to whom he was known accidentally came up and recognized him.

About eight p.m., there was heavy rain, and a waterspout close to Balaklava. It tore up part of the railway, and did considerable damage in other ways. The thunder and lightning were ceaseless for a long time. It is singular that only a few drops of rain fell in the camp, although we could plainly see the heavy masses of clouds hanging on the hill tops, so short a distance away.

24th.—General Estcourt died.

25th.—Hot wind, and dust blowing about ; most distressing and unhealthy weather. General Pennefather has gone to England sick. Sir George Brown has left the camp, and it is reported that he will also go home. The sales of officers' effects are now extremely numerous, from the number who are either killed or invalided. Hardly a day passes that there are not several.

Captain Lyons, R.N., the son of the admiral, was wounded in the calf of the leg by a piece of shell, while the *Miranda* was bombarding Sebastopol, on the night of the 17th. It was considered necessary to send him down to the naval hospital at Therapia ; but he died on the night of the 23rd. He is a great loss to the service, and was beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. Stowe, successor to Mr. Macdonald in the management of the ' *Times* ' Fund, died of dysentery a few days ago, at Balaklava.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

June 26th.—RODE out across the plain, crossing the Balaklava battle-field, and passing through the Sardinian camp, leaving Kamara, and the Woronzoff road leading through the Baidar glen, on our right. We went along a bye-road in the direction of Alsoo, as far as the Sardinian outposts—who are in a most beautiful country, mountainous, and clothed to the tops with deciduous trees. Here and there are ‘chalets,’ with small fields adjoining, and orchards containing cherry and walnut-trees, and vineyards of course. The latter appear

to be as necessary an appendage to a house in this country, as a potato-garden is to a cottage in an agricultural district in England.

There were springs of delicious cold-water, a great treat after the muddy, warm stuff one gets in the camp. After that dusty, barren plateau, this sort of scenery was delightful—quite an Arcadia. There was not a Cossack to be seen, but there must have been some of them not far off. To be taken prisoner—which might easily occur—by venturing too far beyond the outposts, especially, in so wooded a country, would be a very *green* act, and richly deserve the remark sure to be made, viz.—“That it served him right.” I enjoyed the ride exceedingly; and it was late when we got home. I saw a hare on the Plain of Balaklava, where the Light Cavalry charge took place. Plenty of round-shot and shell-splinters are lying about. Part of the plain is covered with rank grass and weeds, and jungles of gigantic thistles, nearly as high as a man.

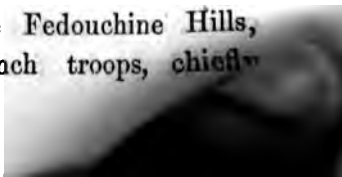
27th.—Rode over the Fedouchine Hills, now covered with French troops, chiefly

Chasseurs de Vincennes and Cavalry. Then went along the Tchernaya, passing over the ground where the battle afterwards took place. In the plain across the river, and opposite to the Russian telegraph on the Mackenzie Heights, are the Russian outposts. At this time of year, the Tchernaya is but a small, sluggish stream, confined within high banks, which are covered with bushes. The water is spoiled by the French, who are always bathing and washing there, and it is discoloured in many places with soap. Frogs abound, and the French soldiers catch them in numbers, to eat. The bridge of Tractir is defended by a *tete du pont*; we went on close to Tchorgoun, and up a conical hill, overlooking the village, on the top of which is a Sardinian picket. The Russians had made a battery there for light guns; but, I believe, it was never armed. From this hill we could see into Tchorgoun, as into a basin. We did not go in, for the Sardinian outposts turn people back, and it was not worth the trouble to dodge round them. It consisted of nothing but an old tower, one sizeable house, and a lot of mud-huts; of

to be as necessary an appendage to a house in this country, as a potato-garden is to a cottage in an agricultural district in England.

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easy range of the Russian batteries on the Mackenzie Heights, but were not an object worth firing at. The slope of the plateau is steep and undulating, and covered with brushwood. We came out on to the plateau just in front of the Sand-bag Battery, having passed over the ground where Sir George Cathcart was killed, and where the Russians themselves came up.

29th.—In the morning, we were startled by a report that Lord Raglan was dead, and soon a general order came out, announcing his death to the army. He died about nine o'clock p.m., last evening, at the monastery of St. George, where he had gone a few days before for the benefit of his health. It was strange that his last battle should have been a repulse, and on the anniversary of Waterloo. No doubt this, and the great loss of life on the occasion, had much to do with hastening his end. General Simpson is in command until instructions are received from England. General Estcourt's effects were sold to-day. Officers attend these sales as a sort of meeting, frequently without wanting to pur-

chase anything, but merely to hear the news and talk over current events, having nothing else to do. I think them great nuisances, and hardly ever attend them. On the occasion of Lord Raglan's death, General Pelissier published an order, the language of which was so much admired, that I think it will not be out of place if it is printed here.

"Death has just surprised in his command Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, and has plunged the English army into grief. We share the regrets of our brave allies. Those who knew Lord Raglan, who were acquainted with the history of his noble life—so pure, so rich in services rendered to his country—those who witnessed his bravery on the fields of Alma and Inkerman, who remember the calm and stoic grandeur of his character during this severe and memorable campaign—all men of heart, in fact, must deplore the loss of such a man.

"The sentiments which the Commander-in-Chief expresses are those of the whole army. He himself severely feels that unforeseen blow. The public sorrow falls more heavily upon him, as he has the additional regret of being for ever separated from a companion in arms, whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and in whom he always found loyal and hearty co-operation.

"PELISSIER, Commander-in-Chief.

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, June 29."

Rode out in the afternoon into the plain along the line of old Turkish redoubts. The Russian outposts of Liprandi's army were established, after the battle of Balaklava, in Nos. 1 and 2; and the remains of their camp still exists. On the hill near No. 4 redoubt used to be our vidette, until the Allies re-occupied the plain, when he was withdrawn. From hence I went along the Woronzoff-road, through a glen leading to the valley of Baidar, up to the village of Koutska, I think it is called, situated in a small grassy plain, forming a basin in the mountains. Here Omar Pasha has his camp. The Tenth Hussars are also here. Some Turks are pushed on as far as Baidar, some five or six miles further on. Two or three miles beyond is a shooting-box, or kiosk, belonging to some Russian nobleman, and the view from it is said to be most beautiful; but I was pressed for time, and it was too late in the evening to go on so far. The Woronzoff-road is excellent—as good as any road in England—and from near Kamara, as far as Koutska, winds up a beautiful mountain pass thickly wooded with oak, ash, and other

trees. A small stream runs along the bottom of the glen. The road was full of pack-horses and arabas, conveying stores and provisions to the Turkish army. I did not get back to camp before ten o'clock at night.

30th.—Rode up to Inkerman with some friends. We left the ponies in charge of some French soldiers, and walked down the French trenches on Mount Sapoune. They cover the ground over which the Russians brought up their guns to Shell Hill, on the 5th of November. They are beautifully made, and very safe compared with ours. The parapets are thick, and with banquettes up to the top, like flights of steps. One may look over the parapet, and, on seeing a distant gun fired, run down under shelter before the shot has had time to reach the trench.

The best time to go there is from about two to four in the afternoon, when ordinarily there is very little fire going on.

July 1st.—Went to Balaklava to try to get a passage to Constantinople. I have not yet got quite strong since my late illness, as one does not rally here so quickly as in England ;

so I want to go away for a short time for change of air, and no time is so good as the present, as nothing can come off, until the sap has been pushed closer up to the Redan, and this will require some weeks to do.

2nd.—Some of Lord Raglan's horses are sold to-day ; others, I understand, are to be sent to England.

3rd.—Very heavy rain in the night. The water poured in streams through every crevice of the hut where I was sleeping, and compelled me several times to shift the situation of my bed. Lord Raglan's body was removed from head-quarters to Kasatch, and shipped on board the *Caradoc* for conveyance to England. There was a general regimental parade throughout the camp at four p.m., to keep the officers and men at home, either to prevent their crowding at the funeral, or to have them ready in case of an attack from the enemy. Fifty men of each regiment were sent to line the road from head-quarters to the French Quartier General. From thence to Kasatch, the road was lined by French infantry, chiefly Zouaves and Imperial Guards.

There was a guard of honour, of one hundred men, over the body, furnished by the Grenadier Guards, with the regimental colour. On the hill opposite the house was a field battery, and nineteen guns were fired as the procession moved off. As it approached the French line, they fired minute-guns from a hill beyond the Quartier General. Before the procession started, the principal authorities assembled at head-quarters. The coffin was brought out, and laid on a nine-pounder gun-carriage, gun and all, and covered with the union-jack. The procession was headed by French mounted gen'darmes, followed by the French dragoons and chasseurs d'Afrique, Sardinian dragoons and lancers, English cavalry both heavy and light and some Turkish cavalry. The appearance of the latter was anything but smart. They wore white linen trousers, tucked into large slipshod boots.

Next to the coffin rode the four commanders-in-chief, Simpson was on the left, and La Marmora on the right, leading, being the two juniors. Behind them was Omar

Pasha, on the left, and Pelissier on the right. Omar Pasha was splendidly dressed. His fez had a crescent of diamonds in front, and he wore a blue frock coat, edged and covered with lace, large epaulettes, and blue trousers, with a broad gold stripe. After them followed the staff of the allied armies—generals, pashas, &c., and an officer from each of our regiments.

It was a fine sight as a military spectacle, but was deficient in that excitement which hitherto has been always present in military spectacles in the Crimea; and the report of unshotted guns had a very mild and peaceful sound.

I first went to head-quarters, and then established myself near the Quartier-General to see the procession pass. I accompanied it about a mile, when many who formed part of it edged out, and returned. I followed their example, and rode home.

4th.—Went down to Balaklava, to remain until I could get a passage. So many are now wanting to go away, that it is difficult to obtain one without waiting some little time on

the spot. In such hot weather the atmosphere in the harbour is most oppressive, on account of its being shut in by hills on all sides.

6th.—I got an order for a passage to Constantinople in my old friend the *Oscar*, to sail to-morrow. She, however, does not go there direct, but makes a *détour* to take in coals at Kosloo, near Heraclea, on the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea—where the coal-mines are situated which are leased by the English Government from the Sultan.

This suits me very well, as I wished much to see them, which the reader may recollect I was unable to do when at Heraclea in February last.

CHAPTER IX.

COAL MINES OF KOSLOO.

July 7th.—ABOUT five o'clock p.m. we finally started, having been delayed some time in the bay by the rope getting entangled with the screw. The next day, about six o'clock in the afternoon, after a passage of more than usual dismalness, occasioned by the painful rolling of the ship, and the swarms of flies which infested every place, person, and thing on board, we entered the little bay, which, surrounded by high precipitous rocks, forms the shipping-place of the Kosloo mines. The principal house, or rather barrack, for the workmen

at the settlement, stands on the right side of the valley (which is not more than three hundred yards wide from the base of one mountain to the foot of the other), and is a conspicuous object from the sea, when ships are sufficiently near. To guide ships to the proper spot, from a distance, the face of the cliff, where most exposed, has been lavishly white-washed. This is necessary, on account of the many similar bays along the coast.

I at once went on shore to stay with Mr. Barkley, who, in conjunction with his brother (who I found was absent, owing to illness), has the management of the works for the Government. He sent the *Oscar* round to another bay to the eastward to coal, as the *Severn* and other vessels were coaling at Kosloo.

The evening was bright and fine; and the land breeze, already sweeping down the valley, afforded a pleasant, if dangerous, relief (being on this coast always charged with malaria), after being cooped up in a hot and rolling steamer. I could not help contrasting the beauty of the valley on this occasion with the

horridly miserable and desolate appearance which it wore when I tried previously to land in the winter—seen, as it then was, through a driving sleet, and buried below mountains covered with snow.

I did not land then; for the surf was too heavy on the beach, and it is this exposure of the bay which renders it impossible for ships to coal there during the winter months, or in rough weather; but the defect might be easily remedied by throwing out a short and inexpensive pier as a protection. Stone abounds on the spot, and the water is deep enough for the *Duke of Wellington* close up to the cliff. The bay, too, is so narrow, that a long mole would not be necessary.

The coast all about here is very bold and high, rising at once from the basin of the sea to a perpendicular height of from one to three hundred feet, except where it is broken by the little bays or rather ravines joining the sea, and which occur at intervals of from three to five miles all along the coast.

The whole of the country round is mountainous in the extreme, and the mountains

(which average, as nearly as I could guess, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high) form a succession of ridges divided by the narrow valleys just spoken of.

It is thickly wooded almost everywhere, with both evergreen underwood and forest-trees, except where these latter have been cut away for the use of the mines. The valleys are partially cleared and cultivated, and some few patches of cultivation are also seen from the sea, on the more distant hills, but no where sufficiently numerous or extensive to alter the general wooded appearance of the country. The views from the mountains are beautiful, and only want back-ground to be excessively so.

All the hills are of too uniform a size and shape, and do not, consequently, afford a good foil. Here and there, however, in the course of my stay, I saw views not easily excelled and peculiar from the great variety in the green tints of the trees.

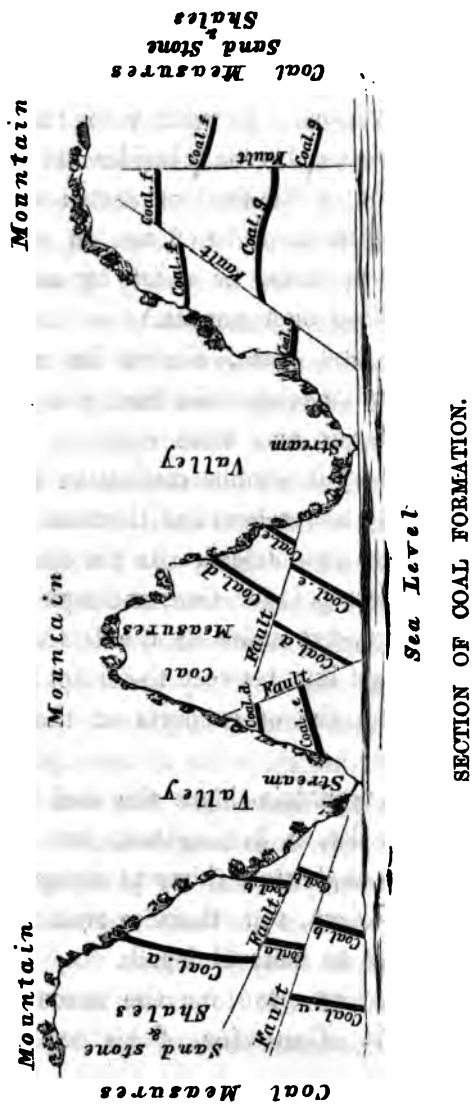
As it is only from the gain both in money and civilization, which would follow the successful and profitable development of such

undertakings, as this of Kosloo, that any hope of really restoring prosperity to Turkey, can be anticipated, I took considerable pains to get at some of the facts connected with these mines, which may be of use to encourage similar enterprises, or assist by suggesting hints for their management.

In the first place, Kosloo lies about one hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the Bosphorus, and some eighteen miles by water (a very important distinction in such a country) to the eastward of Heraclea or Eréli, as it is here pronounced. In the direct route from Sebastopol to Constantinople, it lies about thirty-five miles to the left-hand, but is in a direct line between the Bosphorus and Sinope, and the other ports of the Asiatic shore.

In the mountain-ridges the coal is found not nearly flat, as in England, but slanting, making an angle from thirty to eighty degrees with the horizon, and otherwise broken-up and contorted in an unusual degree.

Mr. Barkley gave me the accompanying diagram in illustration of his explanation,



SECTION OF COAL FORMATION.

which is supposed to represent a section of the coal-strata. It must be borne in mind in reference to it, that besides the great ones shown, minor 'faults' or dislocation of the strata of from ten to fifty feet occur every hundred yards, and frequently oftener ; and that the coal measure mountains are not continuous and adjacent, as shown in the diagram, but are separated from one another by equally large mountain-ridges of limestone.

The formation is intermediate between that of the north of England and the Scotch field. It takes, in some degree, the place of the millstone grits of the former, and is never like the Scotch coal, interstratified with the mountain-limestone which strictly under-lies it, and may be here seen forming large mountains. The coal measures are the latest or the *superior* formation in the immediate neighbourhood where they appear, and have been, in a great measure, destroyed and swept away, remaining now, instead of in their original form of one great basin, only in small occasional patches of from ten to fifteen square miles, which are divided one from the other by miles of

bare limestone or the lower shales of the carboniferous group.

The first of these patches occurs about five miles to the eastward of Heraclea; and they extend at irregular intervals up to the coast to near Filios, a little town more than twenty miles east of Kosloo. Another patch of coal, still further off, is worked at Amasserah, but Barkley doubts whether it ever belonged to the same basin, or can be referred to a similar geological era. The coal there is very inferior in quality, and contains a large proportion of iron pyrites (sulphate of iron), which is never distinguishable in the smallest quantities in the coal taken from the Kosloo, and the other patches.

Clay iron ore (carbonate of iron), similar to that from which nearly all our iron is made, is found but in very small and thin bands of from one to three inches only, and contains not more than fifteen per cent. of iron.

Although the strata is everywhere dislocated—and in many places deflected or bent, as it were, by lateral pressure—no evidence of direct volcanic action has been observed; no green stone, or basalt, or trap dykes, having been found in working the mines.

Our government have leased two of the patches of coal which I have described; one being at Kosloo, and the other at Zungeldek, which is the name of the next valley to the eastward, and which is separated from Kosloo by a mountain ridge. The latter affords the best coal, and would supply the greater quantity; but, unfortunately, a tram-road—like the one at Kosloo—is wanted to bring it from the mines to the sea. It would be about four miles long, and might be constructed for from ten to twelve thousand pounds; and, notwithstanding that the lease is only for the war, it is easy to see that under any circumstances, if it were made, this amount of capital would be restored with perfect certainty before the troops can be withdrawn from the Black Sea, and the transports be paid off. Two or three months' work would do this; and, besides, it is said that the Turks are bound to repay us within a certain margin for any permanent works we may execute.

Supposing that only six or seven thousand tons more coal were to be shipped by this means, this quantity alone would repay the

whole cost of construction by the saving it would effect. English coal costs never less than £3 per ton, and often far more at Constantinople; whereas this coal, which is of good quality for steam purposes, is put on board for considerably less than one-half this sum, after the royalty to the Turkish Government of ten shillings per ton is paid. That is to say, the government save from thirty to thirty-five shillings per ton by burning this coal in place of English, and it should be their object to burn as much of it as possible. This season the allied governments will save from fifty to sixty thousand pounds by these mines, which would otherwise have gone in buying a dearer article.

Ten shillings per ton is an excessive royalty in England. Tenpence and one shilling is considered a fair sum. Still, if the Turks charged an exorbitant sum, they agreed to repay us at the end of our lease for all the permanent outlay in developing the mines that we should make.

It is this outlay which we have neglected. Had we made it in constructing a railway, both

parties would have been gainers; ourselves, by getting more coal, and, consequently, saving more money, and the Turks, by both getting more rent from the augmented quantity, and from having the mines supplied with a permanent and economical means of transport.

The coal in this district was discovered some eighteen years ago by a villager, who cut a piece off a vein in the water-course of a ravine, and took it to Constantinople, where he made his discovery known to the government. After some time, he was rewarded by a small pension; but, on returning to his village, was so treated by his comrades, who 'sent him to Coventry,' that he did not long survive. Turkish government works, in Asia Minor, are, for very sufficient reasons, anything but popular among the inhabitants, who are forced to give their labour in lieu of taxes, and have no control over the account.

For some years after this discovery—indeed, up to four years ago—the mines were only worked near the surface, where they crop out on the sides of the mountains, by a number of Croats and Montenegrin quarry-

men, from Constantinople, who were supplied by the government with Turkish villagers from the neighbourhood, to work under them and carry the coal and water from the mines. These operations of theirs, I am told, have done incalculable mischief, for never going more than two hundred yards into the hill sides, the Croats have, nevertheless, worked all the coal out along the line where it appeared, and let the superincumbent stone fall down and occupy its place. They have thus shut up the coal, as it were, by a barrier of two hundred yards of stone, and until this is removed it is impossible to tell what the coal really is beyond, whether it is worth working or not. But this is not the worst feature—they have in almost every instance broken down a communication between the water-courses, and their abandoned excavations, and have thus frequently let the drainage of a whole hill-side run into the imperfectly filled space, and rendered the subsequent profitable working of the coal, so situated, very doubtful.

Finding at length, that the supply of coal by this system was very precarious and de-

creasing—the article itself worthless, and that the whole district would soon be scratched over and abandoned, the Turkish government determined to employ capital, and to engage proper men to direct its expenditure.

Their early attempts in this direction were desultory and expensive, and produced no results. In the first case the locality selected was, it is said, the worst possible (Amasserah), and the capabilities of the Belgian engineers, at least, doubtful. In the second attempt, which was not long persisted in, the cause of failure was different, and arose chiefly from the supineness of the government. The third is proverbially '*catching time*,' but it is curious and instructive that the first ton of coal ever worked under an improved system, was extracted by the present managers, at the end of 1851, *four years* after the first European engineers were employed by the Porte.

Mr. Barkley attributes their success, in a great measure, to the support of Fethi Ahmed Pasha, a brother-in-law of the Sultan, and Halil Pasha, of Tophanné, who exerted themselves (having suggested the last attempt) at

Constantinople on their behalf, in obtaining supplies for them, and in stimulating the flagging energies of the successive ministers, on those occasions when the managers themselves were unable to influence them. In this country business relations vary from our English notions, and the engineer here urges the minister, not the minister the engineer.

CHAPTER X.

ZUNGELDEK VALLEY.

July 9th.—RODE out with Mr. Barkley over the mountain, to the valley of Zungeldek, and went on board the *Oscar*. Another steamer was coaling also in the bay. The distance is about four miles and a half by land, and two and a half by water ; and the road, after you leave the tramway at Kosloo, is a mere mule-track over the mountains and through the forest ; for the mountains are covered with high trees and dense brushwood right up to their tops. I saw growing, oak, beech, plane, walnut, cherry, apple, rhododendron, bay,

myrtle, medlar, juniper, &c., all wild. The road is steep up and down like the wall of a house, for this country is nothing but narrow valleys, enclosed in mountains; and it is impossible to go any distance without having to climb a very steep hill, and walking is almost out of the question.

Barkley hardly ever goes out on foot, and the horses of the country are as sure-footed as mules. The horse he rode was a very handsome dun, and has a great reputation among the Turks, who are very fond of horses. He bought it before the war in the time of the old prices, and gave what was then considered a very long price, but which now would be thought absurdly cheap. It is certainly a perfect hack, spirited, handsome, gentle, and strong, but the noisiest brute in the world.

It is a most beautiful country, but perfectly wild, except in the valleys, which are cultivated, and unhealthy, from the malaria which is caused in such places in this country by the decay of the profuse vegetation.

There are no roads, and Barkley says that the forest is just the same for fifty miles inland.

Along the valley of Kosloo there is a tram-road for nearly two miles ; but at Zungeldek, and down the sides of the Kosloo mountain, the coal is all brought down in panniers on the backs of mules. Occasionally bullock arabas are used at Zungeldek, but the shaking bruises the coal very much, and causes a great waste. Now all the bullocks are employed in dragging timber from the forests to Bartin, further up the coast, to supply the Turkish government arsenal, and cannot be spared for the arabas.

I saw quite enough to be sure that a great deal more coal might be shipped if a tram-road was used at Zungeldek also. Now, mules only are employed, which are hired and sought for everywhere within a distance of from sixty to eighty miles, without being found in sufficient numbers. Great demand for these animals exists for other purposes, and the competition between the English and Turkish authorities to obtain them has been very keen—money being the inducement offered by the one, and the terror of their displeasure being employed by the other. The English have proved, in

the long run, the most successful, but at present a division of the resources of the country within an available distance has been agreed upon. This convention is, however, I am told, so badly observed by the Turks, that an open trade is inevitable to prevent all the mules being taken away.

After seeing the country, it is marvellous how they get any considerable number at all. It must be very difficult, as by a custom of the country, which has its origin in the want of forage in the mining districts, these animals are not permitted by their owner to work for more than fifteen days consecutively. After that period they are taken away to the mountain hamlets from whence they come, to rest for a corresponding interval. Any attempt to infringe this rule is met by an inflexible prejudice, and on one occasion, before the English had the mines, led to a 'strike,' which continued, in spite of all that the Turkish authorities could do, until the obnoxious attempt was renounced.

It so happens, therefore, that if one hundred mules are wanted for any daily or

continuous work, two hundred must be hired, and the relief of the hundred working, by the hundred taking their 'kef' at home, arranged to a day. This in any country would be difficult. But to collect these mules two and three here, and two and three there—afterwards bring them all together and march them in punctually to a day, from a distance of forty or fifty miles, in a wild and mountainous country—is absolutely impossible. This operation has to be performed, or attempted, every fortnight, not only with the mules, but the workmen, and an organized set of mounted native foremen are employed in executing it. In practice it is found that on one pretext or another—cold, illness, religious festivals, or on no pretext at all—both the working-mules and working-men bolt, in nine cases out of ten, before their proper time, and that the relief never comes until as many days after.

There has been a vast deal of talk about the material development of the neglected resources of the Turkish empire, and of the example that enterprising Westerns would

show (if permitted to hold property in Turkey) in leading the way. It is certainly a pity that such reasonable expectations should be discredited by our practice, and I hope that, as this tram-road is now under consideration at home, and has been strongly recommended by all the authorities, both here and at Constantinople, it will be commenced immediately.

The coal mines are bored into the hills, and appear like huge rabbit holes on the steep hillside. Iron rails are usually laid in the lowest hole of the series, and the little waggons laden with coal, which run on these narrow railways, are perpetually issuing forth into the daylight and discharging their contents, either into a great heap, or over stages into the tram-way waggons, and again diving back into their accustomed burrow.

From Zungeldek, we rode up the valley some miles to a distant coal mine, Oozlemas, about four miles from Zungeldek. We passed the Turkish villages of Bash-tarlar or "Head-fields." It is a miserable, tumble-down place, consisting of a few old dilapidated log huts,

having only one habitable room in each, on the first floor, and a filthy sty or stable underneath. It is very beautifully placed on the right of the river, and is surrounded by a few cultivated fields, and a mass of fruit trees. After passing Bash-tarlar, the road follows very close to the bed of the stream, crossing it in several places, and the valley itself narrows to a mere ravine. There were, however, several openings and glades in this part of our ride which were peculiarly lovely, and completely hedged in with rhododendron bushes. I noticed, too, box growing to a great size on the banks of the stream.

Half a mile before reaching our journey's end, the pathway leaves the course of the river and turns sharply to the left, up a narrow gorge and along the bed, and by the side of a small stream, which in winter or a heavy rain would be a foaming torrent. These mines themselves, are, I was told, the best in the valley, and the coal is more abundant and also more regular in its formation than elsewhere. We passed numbers of mules going backwards and forwards, and had some diffi-

culty in getting our horses past each string without a fight. Two trips a day is all a mule can make, and this amounts to sixteen miles, one-half of which distance he carries a load of about two-and-a-half cwt. Arrived at Oozlemas, I found it more like a backwood settlement in America than anything I had seen before. It lies in the heart of a dense forest of high beech trees, and the place where the workmen's log huts are erected, and the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, is a piece of level land on the mountain side, which has been cleared of timber for the purpose. The number of workmen employed here is about three hundred when the place is at full work, but in consequence of the difficulty of transporting the coal to the coast without a tram-way, these works are ordinarily shorn of their full proportion. My companion is building a house here for the English overseer and others (reserving a room for himself), at a higher elevation than that on which the hamlet stands. It is only fifteen months since these mines were first 'prospected,' to use an Australian term, and the

whole of the settlement has been created since then, and now it has a very busy and respectable, and a most undeniably picturesque appearance.

I saw here a young wild boar (of which species there are a great number in the neighbourhood) which a Montenegrin had caught a short time before. It had become quite tame, and followed the man about like a dog, jumping upon him, and running round and round him in great glee. The call used to attract it was in imitation of its natural grunt, a kind of 'umph,' 'umph,' which seemed to afford much amusement to the by-standers. The Asiatic Mussulmans were terribly frightened at it, and dreaded the contamination of its touch; but the Bosnian and Albanians, albeit Mussulmans also, scratched its back and petted it voluntarily. The brute came up the ladder into the room where we were sitting, and made itself quite at home. Its back was striped transversely with dark bars, and already the bristles on its back were very long and stiff. Two young roe-deer were also confined in an enclosed ring and wattled fence, but they were

as yet very shy. Asiatics tame the most timid animals in a short space of time, and their receipt for this art is 'kindness.' They are never angry with them, as the best of us are inclined to be sometimes—with all this, it is strange that they never become attached to their dumb attendants, but are as ready to kill and eat them after they have had them for years, as the first day.

After spending some time at this place, we returned to Zungeldek to see how the coaling was going on. On my way back, my pony, when jumping a ditch, fell on my right leg, which was a good deal bruised.

After leaving the shipping place, we went into *the* house at Zungeldek, which is close by, and paid a visit to the chief of the Christian Bosnians, and the richest man in the district. He has a mine to himself, which he works by contract under the direction of the superintendents. He is a very fine-looking man, about sixty years old, and has been absent from his own country for twenty years, sixteen of which he has spent here. He said that he should never return home again ;

and I afterwards learnt that he had built a house at Heraclea, and was about to 'form a matrimonial alliance' with a Greek widow.

Here we had a long consultation about the conduct of certain refractory Bosnians, and the line of conduct which should be adopted to repress their disorderly tendencies, which were avowedly murderous.

The other chiefs of the different religious and national communities were sent for, and a regular council was held. These men were, with the exception of the representative of the Lazistanlis, all from European Turkey, and all Slaves—the heads of the Christian and Mussulman Bosnians—of the Montenegrins, who are all Christians, and of the Christian and Mussulman Albanians, and the head of the Austrian Illyrians. No Turk of the district was admitted, as they are kept in order in a different way.

The others, who go here by the generic title of Croats, are a very difficult race to manage, and can only be ruled in accordance with their own customs. There are about four or five hundred of these men alto-

gether, and each section of them, as given above, is represented by a chief, who is bound to preserve order among his own division. He is made responsible for their crimes, if he does not anticipate their commission and report the intention previously, or otherwise deliver up the perpetrator.

By this means peace is preserved, and the murders which occurred when the Turkish authorities had the control, and when, consequently, the religious differences of these fierce tribes were inflamed by their partiality, have been hitherto avoided. In the first three years that the works were carried on by the present managers, twenty-two murders or deaths by violence occurred, and on one occasion their own lives were in imminent peril. A regular outbreak took place, which lasted for three weeks, and required three hundred soldiers to quell.

On this occasion the head of the Turkish Bosnians pledged himself to watch the men in fault closely, and come to an arrangement with them on this basis—that they should not be punished on arriving at Con-

stantinople, if they would go on board one of the steamers in the bay with a pass from the managers. The difficulty was to persuade these men of the good faith of this promise, as the Turks would only employ such an assurance as a *ruse* to get them into their power.

In the meanwhile, these worthies, five in number, were living up in the forest, armed with the usual complement of weapons, watching the mountain paths between here and Kosloo to murder an obnoxious baker—a Christian Bosnian, who had offended one of them some months previously in a trifling manner. The channel of communication with these ruffians was through their compatriots, who supplied them with food. They had committed some atrocities at Bartin, to the eastward, and had been ‘looked for’ there, and were now on a tour of crime through the country. Barkley says that the system of getting rid of all strange idlers, and all men out of employment, as soon as possible, is the only way to be tolerably secure; and that the system of responsibility to head men is what they are accustomed to; these head men are virtually

elected by the workmen, but he takes care that they are respectable, and have force of character.

The workmen altogether at these 'diggings' are a wonderfully heterogeneous mass of beings. They are made up of Englishmen, Poles, Illyrians, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Arnaouts, Servians, Asiatic and European Greeks, Italians, Lazistanlis (from the neighbourhood of Kars), Armenians—besides Negroes and Asiatic Turks, and others whose denominations I failed to note. When the works have their full complement, there are from fifteen to eighteen hundred men—women there are absolutely none—of all and no religions; men imbued with the most acrid bigotry, and 'philosophers,' who brag of their want of any religious or any other kind of principle. Shut up in these mountains, that they go on without an explosion from day to day is a new exemplification of the 'happy family.' But it requires a hand which tightens or loosens at the instinct of experience to preserve order.

I was much amused in riding about to see

the way in which the different classes of men saluted us. With the exception of the Armenians, who are innately servile wretches, the manner of the rest was courteous and deferential, without being mean. On meeting a country Turk, he invariably halted, and as we passed, and as soon as we recognized him, salaamed to us after his own fashion ; but the way in which the Croats showed their respect was particularly amusing.

The Slave races in the Sultan's dominions are universally clever, intelligent, proud, fierce, savage, and imaginative, and, like the Russians, imitative. Never apathetic, this race possesses the true elements of national greatness. Numbers of the successful viziers and military commanders of the Turkish empire in its palmy days were Slaves ; and Omar Pasha, now, is an Austrian Croat by birth, and an Austrian soldier by education. Unfortunately, the Slave clans in Turkey are divided in their religious belief, and this difference, of course, renders the feuds, which are common to all mountaineers, among them more than ordinarily fierce and unappeasable.

But to return to their salutations. During the last year, since the influx of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and others, into these out-of-the-way glens, these men have seen that in greeting one another Europeans are in the habit of taking off their hats and bowing. Looking upon this as an evidence of civilization, they have adopted the plan. It was great fun to see these fellows armed to the teeth, and dressed in their loose parti-coloured clothes, after placing a hand over each ear, with much deliberation remove their huge red turbans, and place it, with a low bow, between their knees—indifferent to the fact that the action revealed a partially shaven head, with a long lock of frizzled hair matted on the crown. When their turbans were once off, they never seemed in a hurry to put them on again, but stood, looking the wildest monsters, with their enormous coverings in their hands, till we hastened to beg them to replace them.

They are by far the best workmen on the spot, and considering they have, with few exceptions, come here to avoid punishment for

crimes committed at Constantinople and elsewhere, are sufficiently industrious.

Before sunset, we returned to Kosloo, and found a crowd of Turkish workmen assembled in front of the house, who, under the direction of a negro foreman, were answering to their names, as they were read out by an Englishman, who was sitting at a window upstairs.

I thought them a pallid, unhealthy-looking set, but was assured that they are capable of undergoing great fatigue and hardship, that they are remarkably docile, but never seem to take any interest in their work. Their principal foreman is the negro. He was selected in a great measure by themselves to fill that post, is far more intelligent and thoughtful than the villagers, and is a great 'swell' among them.

There are only four English workmen here now. When the sickly season is over (July and August) some others will be sent out from England. Till men are acclimated here, they are invariably seriously ill during these months. Englishmen are of little use, except

as mere workmen, until they have learnt something of the language, so as to be able to become foremen.

The men now here Mr. Barkley speaks very highly of. Each of them is in charge of some particular department, and has been (on an average) more than two years from home. They are paid high wages, and can (*and do*) save a considerable portion of them. This is more than can be said for the corresponding class of Englishmen on board the foreign steamers in the Levant, who, receiving high wages, think it necessary to show their spirit by spending them as fast as possible. They are a comical queer lot, and a troop of them may be seen every Sunday adorned in gorgeous apparel, and with 'rings on their fingers' and brandy in their heads, galloping about the suburbs of Pera on miserable hacks.

CHAPTER XI.

KOSLOO (CONTINUED).

THERE is an English commissariat-officer stationed here to keep the money affairs in order. There ought also to be an officer of the French commissariat, but he prefers living at Heraclea, and paying occasional visits to this place, when the interest of his government requires it. He came round by sea this evening, bringing with him the Turkish governor or Mudir of Heraclea. The Frenchman proved a very pleasant fellow indeed, and very highly accomplished.

What with myself and this fresh influx of


visitors, there was a difficulty about finding beds and rooms, but this was, in some measure, surmounted by the thoughtful consideration of the Turkish governor, who got drunk before dinner with the most surprising facility. Having asked for some brandy, he was supplied with a bottle, of which he drank stoutly, finishing two tumblers, with barely a suspicion of water, in a few minutes. Dinner over, he took a third 'go,' and, being very 'screwed' indeed, was assisted out of the room by his attendants, who conducted him to the lower regions. After this we saw no more of him till the morning, when we found him smoking his pipe with much composure in front of the house, and learnt that he had slept admirably in the saddlers' room, under the influence of the brandy; and that he only required a little more to be perfectly contented.

In the house at Kosloo the managers have reserved two or three rooms for their own use, the remainder being allotted to the commissariat-officers, doctors, overseers, and others.

I cannot say much for the luxury they enjoy.

As yet, they have no glass in the window-frames of their bed-rooms, which are stopped with old copies of the *Times*. However, that will be remedied, for the glass has arrived, and will soon be put in. All the rooms in the house have fire-places like those at home, which must add immensely to their comfort in the winter, and this improvement has been introduced also into the log huts built for the native workmen.

After dinner was over, and the boozy governor had retired, we presided over a great wrestling match among the native Turks, which had been in preparation for some time previously, and which came off that evening after working hours. A great number of workmen, six or seven hundred, I should suppose, collected under our window, and there formed a large ring. The persons composing the innermost circles sat down, and those further off stood. A large body of Croats perched themselves on a slight eminence at a little distance, and the windows of the house were crowded with spectators. One side of the ring was allotted to the men of the Hera-



clea district, and the other was occupied by the partizans of their opponents. The match was to decide the superiority between the respective champions of the Heraclea district and of another, the name of which I forget.

The winners were to receive a backshish, to which every one about the place had contributed. Large fires were made in the ring and lighted up the scene in a very picturesque manner. The 'ground' was kept by two of the English foremen. We took our places at the window, and at a signal from my companion and after a volley of blank cartridges had been fired by the Croats, the sports began by a champion of the Heraclea party entering the ring. With the exception of his drawers he was entirely naked, and his shaven head and long black scalp-lock gave him a very weird appearance. He was a well-built and very powerfully-made man, and his muscular development was great, and his condition good. Altogether he was an 'ugly customer' to look at, and as far as looks went, justified the confidence and applause of his own party. On his entrance into the arena he folded his

arms, and assuming a look of the most bumptious and scornful superiority, stalked slowly round and round the circle for many minutes, bestowing the most contemptuous glances on the adverse side. This lasted for some time till, at length, suddenly discarding his majestic demeanour he sprang into the centre with a bound, and stooping down clapped his hands together and against his thighs rapidly and violently. This action he repeated continually before resuming his stately air of indifference.

The whole preliminary was explained to us by the English foreman as being intended to 'challenge the ground.' If so it was successful enough, for in a twinkling another naked fellow jumped into the circle, and running close up to the first, stooped down and clapped his hands near his opponent's knees; who retorted in a similar manner. The two then commenced to skip about in the wildest antics—bending, with their faces nearly touching one another, and slapping their thighs and extending their arms with the most painful vigour. I expected

they would get 'hold' soon, but was disappointed, for they stopped after this demonstration and took a cool walk, passing and re-passing one another in the ring, and almost touching without the slightest mark of recognition or notice. Indeed, the way they 'cut' one another was admirable.

At length, after a second game at romps, they got to work, closing with one another, and struggling in the most violent manner. *Where* they took hold seemed to be subject to no law. Now they got each other by the arms, and now by the throat, legs, or even feet. After a struggle and a hugging, far more pleasant to see than to be engaged in, and which lasted a good ten minutes, the last comer upset the Heracleian man, falling with him. His partizans shouted a premature cry of victory. But, although down, the match was not concluded, as the rule is that the vanquished must be laid flat on his back—so the struggle was renewed on the ground fiercer than ever. At length the Heracleian succeeded in putting his opponent in that position, by what appeared to me a

great exertion of strength. The man was lying with his face on the ground, the Heracleian man being uppermost, when suddenly the latter sprang to his feet, and standing with his legs one on each side of his foe, seized him by the loins with both hands, lifted him from the ground, and threw him a complete summersault, which reversed his position, and tossed him at full length on his back.

The cheers which followed this feat were enthusiastic from his own side, and I never in my life saw Turks so delighted or so thoroughly amused. They surrounded their champion, clapping him on the back, and vociferating loudly; and a good ten minutes elapsed before order was restored, the fires replenished, and the ring cleared for the second pair.

In the second affair the Heracleians were defeated, and the triumph of the other party was equally great.

The third and decisive bout was settled in a moment. After the strutting and anticing was over, the Heracleian, while dodging the other for a hold, got an opening for his head, which he dived incontinently into the 'bread-

basket' of the other fellow so successfully and with such force, that he knocked him over at once on to his back, as effectually as if he had used a sledge-hammer.

This, with the exception of the distribution of money to the victors, was the finish; and immediately afterwards the crowd dispersed to bivouac in the woods for the night round great fires, which soon lighted up the mountain sides. The native Turks prefer to sleep in the open air, in fine weather, rather than in their huts, which are infested in the hot season with vermin.

After tea and a long conference we followed suit.

July 10th.—I went out and looked over the works, and deplored the want of a good garden, which I think a great oversight, but I could not persuade my companion that it was so—he said he had lots to do, and no time for caring for such things.

I like Zungeldek better than Kosloo. It is a wider, finer, and more healthy valley.

The anchorage is better, and the situation more convenient for ships to coal; but

the mines are further from the coast, and this consideration determined the preference in the original selection of the other.

Now, however, I think that the managers should make Zungeldek their head-quarters, instead of remaining at Kosloo.

When they first arrived here, four years ago, they had to encamp on the beach. There were no houses, or any systematic working of the mines; and, as I said before, the Croats having exhausted all the surface coal, and being unable to penetrate any further into the hills, had almost abandoned this among other valleys.

Besides all the under-ground works—the houses, shops, huts, the tram-way—in short, the whole settlement, has been since that time created. Mr. Barkley and his brother deserve the greatest credit for their energy and perseverance. For some time they had to struggle against great difficulties; and it was for a long time touch-and-go whether they should succeed. The Turkish government was with difficulty persuaded not to shut up the works after the first six months; and it was only on the

most urgent remonstrances that the experiment was continued.

The first lot of Englishmen who came out, having to live in tents and work in the sun, fell sick, and either died or returned to England before half a year was over ; and they were for months alone.

The Turkish workmen and Croats were prejudiced and refractory, and were supported in their opposition by the local authorities, who looked with suspicion and dislike upon the introduction of Europeans. Above all, the managers could not then speak the language of the natives ; and without this faculty, it is very difficult to manage *anywhere* a large body of men, and explain and enforce a new system. It is here a matter of more than usual difficulty where no national law is enforced, and where the customs and prejudices of the different races of workmen must be respected and made use of.

There is not much to be done in the way of amusement. Mr. Barkley has, however, a good library, and he and his brother spend their evenings in reading. In the day time

they have little, if any, leisure to spare from their occupation. In a country like this, everything must be constantly seen to by the principals, or there can be no guarantee for anything being done properly, or even done at all.

There is very little shooting to be had in the immediate neighbourhood, for the Croats have driven all the large game—except wild boars—to a distance. Some eight or ten hours from hence many kinds of the larger game are found in abundance. Red deer, roe deer, boars, &c., besides plenty of pheasants, red-legged partridges, and hares—woodcock and duck, in the season—and a few francolin-jacks; abound everywhere, and are very destructive of poultry and lambs. The lynx and wolf are not uncommon, and bears are often killed. I saw myself, in Kosloo Bay, some white-tailed eagles, and numerous large hawks and vultures were constantly soaring over-head during our ride. At Zungeldek there were Alpine swifts and bee-eaters. The latter breed in colonies, in holes in the banks of the river, like the sand-martins.

On the evening of the 10th, I re-embarked on board the *Oscar*. She had then just finished coaling, and started directly for the Bosphorus.

I was sorry to leave Kosloo so soon ; but, in this country, one is obliged to avail oneself of every opportunity of locomotion ; and I went away with the intention of returning—but this intention circumstances prevented my fulfilling.

CHAPTER XII.

RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

July 11th.—ARRIVED at Constantinople, and once more went to Misserie's Hotel. The only new feature in the house since I was last here, is an increase in the charges for everything. Previously, since the war began, fifteen francs a-day was the usual charge, and a franc extra for service. Now, however, Misserie has raised it to seventeen francs, which, with the service, makes eighteen francs, and includes lodging, breakfast, dinner, and *vin ordinaire*—certainly not ordinarily bad wine; for it is, without exception the worst

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15th.—Having secured a room at the hotel at Therapia, I made arrangements to take immediate possession, lest some one else should occupy it instead. Accordingly I sent out in the morning to inquire at what hour a boat would leave in the afternoon for Therapia, and the answer I received, was, that one would start at three. So at two p.m. I went down, with the determination not to be late, and on getting to the bridge ascertained that there would be no departure before half-past five; but no one could speak for certain about that, every one I asked told a different story.

I found lots of people waiting to go, and many of them had been there since eleven o'clock in the morning, for as the departure of the steamers are not advertised, no one knows anything about them, and the Turks and the natives know less of the arrangements than strangers. The aphorism that "time is money" is not heeded in this country. The inhabitants go and sit for hours on board a steamer to wait for its departure. They are as happy there as any where else, and twiddle their beads and smoke during the interval. The steamers always

start by Turkish time, and as *their* day commences at sunset, the starting-time becomes either earlier or later every day, according as the days shorten or lengthen. They find the inconvenience of their system, but instead of altering their time-pieces daily, do it at uncertain periods—in fact, whenever it suits them, and at times unknown to the public, who have no means of becoming informed of the changes. Even then, there is no punctuality observed—the boats start sometimes before, if they are very full, but oftener long after the appointed time. At this season they are always crowded, and are painfully uncomfortable—one can never get a seat, unless by going on board at least an hour before the boat starts, and often it is difficult to get standing room. What with the heat of the weather, the heat from the funnel, and the universal dirtiness of the passengers, a passage from Galata to Buyukderé may be looked forward to with anything but pleasure. Every steamer carries passengers enough for *two*, and they are always dangerously overloaded. There appears to be no remedy for this, as they are a monopoly of the

Government, and the privilege of running passenger steamers on the Bosphorus is leased to a number of influential pashas, relatives of the Sultan, ministers, and ex-ministers, who trade under the denomination of an *Armenian Company*. A few years ago some English residents commenced running steamers, but the Turks opposed them, and would not allow the passengers to land, and ill-treated some who managed to get on shore, one of whom was an Englishman, to whom the Turks had afterwards to pay a sum of money in return for the injuries he had received. In consequence of this, Lord John Russell (then Foreign Secretary) on some red-tapist plea, compelled the English to discontinue their opposition. If his whim had been to support them, the opposition of the Turks must soon have subsided; and if our government would now countenance the starting of other steamers, their owners would realize immense profits, and do great service to the public. [A French Company works the omnibuses of London; but it would possibly be prejudicial, in the estimation of statesmen, to employ capital profitably on the waters of




the neglected Bosphorus. *Politically* the plea of material development is useful.]

For three weary hours, I sat on the bridge, cursing the Turks, past, present, and future, and heaping all their own characteristic abuse upon them. At last, a boat appeared—the one which was to leave again at half-past five. It was, of course, crowded, and, as it came alongside the bridge, the rush of people was so great, that those who had arrived could not get on shore. This is invariably the case. There is always a struggle on the gangway, between the arriving and departing passengers, which causes great delay. They have no idea of order themselves, and there are no police competent to enforce it.

The crowd and scuffling was so great, that I determined to wait until another boat started. This is called the 'pashas' boat,' as it runs especially for their convenience, taking them from their yalis, or summer seats (a term peculiar to the locality), on the Bosphorus, into Stamboul in the morning, and returning with them in the evening, and is not generally so full as the others.

It was very late in starting, having to wait for some great 'swell.' The pashas congregated in a saloon on deck, went through the curious forms of salutation to each other previously mentioned, talked but little, and smoked much. There was one arm-chair, which was evidently the seat of honour, for when 'the swell pasha' came on board, the one who then occupied it immediately vacated it in his favour; and when he had gone on shore, the next in rank took possession, and so on, until all had left.

I watched their movements with great attention and curiosity. While they were on board, the women were kept down in the cabin below, but as soon as they had left the boat—at least, the principal ones—the fair sex were allowed to come up into the saloon. It is most absurd to see them trying to smoke, or eating ices, without lifting their veils high enough to show their faces. They generally compromise the matter by holding the veil with the left hand, as if it were a screen, and they affect to be very much confused at being looked at.



They habitually use the coarsest language even in public. They *generally* sit in the after part of the steamers, which is partitioned off for their reception. One day I was going in a more than usually crowded boat, and could get no seat. Near where I was standing was a circle of Turkish women, and a servant of one of them was sitting close to me on one of the funny square stools, used as seats. Another Turkish woman came on board; she was a very 'fat old party,' and, seeing no stool vacant, let out a volley of filthy abuse at the man, took his stool away, and squatted down at my feet, where I do not think she found it very comfortable; for whenever I moved my legs, which I did every half minute, for change of position, my boots came in contact with her shins; and every time they did so the old lady looked 'mad cats' at me, but said nothing.

The Turks who travel by these steamers have strange ways of sitting and taking up room. One of their favourite modes is to place one of the low stools on the regular seats, and squat on the top—or to take off

their shoes, and sit cross-legged on the benches; thereby occupying space sufficient for two persons who sit in the ordinary way.

We have a naval hospital at Therapia, and the burial-ground is close behind it, in a deep, narrow valley full of high trees. Captain Lyons is buried there. As yet there is only a wooden slab to mark the spot, with 'Captain Lyons, H.M.S. *Miranda*,' on it. On the occasion of his death, the Queen wrote to Sir Edmund Lyons, and the letter was published. As I have already quoted an extract from one of Her Majesty's letters in my first volume, I do so again on this occasion.

"Buckingham Palace, June 29.

"The Queen cannot let any one but herself express to Sir Edmund Lyons the Prince's and her feelings of deep and heartfelt sympathy on the most melancholy occasion of the loss of his beloved and gallant son, Captain Lyons.

"We grieve deeply to think of the heavy affliction into which Sir E. Lyons is plunged at this anxious moment; and we mourn over the loss of an officer who proved himself so worthy of his father, and was so bright an ornament to the service he belonged to.

"To lose him, just when he returned triumphant,

having accomplished so admirably all that was desired and wished, must be an additional pang to his father.

“If sympathy can afford consolation, he possesses that of the whole nation.”

21st.—The weather is now generally very hot, except in places exposed to the breeze which is constantly blowing from the Black Sea. Sometimes, however, the air is loaded with vapour, making everything feel damp and sticky. This, however, is generally the effect of a Scirocco wind, which causes a most oppressive and languid sensation.

The hotel at Therapia is kept by Mr. Petala, formerly cook to Lord Stratford, and married to an Englishwoman. It has all the recommendations of Misserie's, is cheaper, and the *cuisine* is far superior. Therapia is certainly a nice place in summer. I have a room on the ground floor, about ten yards from the Bosphorus, so that I can bathe without difficulty. The room has the advantage of being very cool. The sun never shines upon it, except for about an hour very early in the morning, and the thermometer generally averages about seventy-nine. Perhaps, some

people may say that this is not cool, but I beg to say that it comparatively is so, and that this heat is not oppressive in this climate.

There is a constant passage of steamers up and down the Bosphorus. They add very much to the liveliness of this place, which is not exciting at the best of times. Many of them are large English screw-steamers towing up immense Yankee clippers—such as the *Great Republic*, and others of a smaller class. They are in French employ and carry their own colours at the helm and the tri-colour at the mast-head.

There is a café close to the hotel, and after dark the Greeks come and promenade on the quay in front of it, where a wretched band plays most doleful music. The Greeks appear to have very little fun in them. In front of the café a hoop hangs from a tall pole, and to the former a number of blue-lights are attached. Occasionally some Greek rushes into extravagance, and orders them to be lighted. As they burn, melted saltpetre drops on the ground, and appears to create some amusement. I have often taxed my ingenuity to

discover why the firework itself amuses them, but I have always failed in doing so.

Still the lights in the windows reflected on the water of the Bosphorus, and the crowds of people have a very pretty effect, and remind me of a village scene in a ballet.

The Turkish Contingent are encamped on the hills above Buyukderé, which, by the way, means "big valley." Their tents are conspicuous both from the Bosphorus and from the Black Sea. The former summer residence of the Russian Embassy has been given over for the use of General Vivian and his staff; and Turkish sentries are posted there. The town is crowded with officers of the Contingent, their interpreters, and servants.

I cannot think that Indian officers are the best for such work. They have generally been used to too much luxury, and too many servants; and it is no reason that they should understand the management of Turks because they have been used to sepoys. The language, also, is as strange to them as to other officers, over whom it does not appear to me that they have any advantage except in the way of extra pay.

26th.—There are now swarms of locusts about ; they are hopping in thousands about the quay ; and the surface of the Bosphorus is thickly strewn with their bodies. A flight of them must have fallen into the water.

There are flocks of birds, which are always passing up and down the Bosphorus ; and no one can be long at Constantinople without observing them. They may be seen at all times flying rapidly close to the surface of the water, on which they are hardly ever seen to settle. The Perotes call them *Ames damnées*. I have seen them settle on the water, but not often—only about twice on the Bosphorus, and once in the Archipelago. To-day I went out to procure some, that I might preserve their skins. I soon bagged five, as they may be shot without any trouble : they fly close to a caique or boat, and seldom diverge from their straight course. They are ‘Manx shearwaters ;’ and, I imagine, breed on the Cyanean rocks, at the entrance of the Bosphorus (where the *Jason* was wrecked), and, of course, on other similar localities. They are also common in the Dardanelles and in the Archipelago.

I hear that the Land Transport Corps have not been so successful as they might have been, in obtaining a good supply of mules. They have only managed to procure eight thousand by their own exertions since the beginning of March. I do not vouch for the truth of this. I merely repeat what I was told.

One of the great requirements of Constantinople at the present time is an English newspaper. There is a government gazette printed in Turkish, and called the *Djeridé Havadis*, or 'Registered News;' but that is of no use to English people. There is also the *Journal de Constantinople*, abounding in *canards*, and for this effort of press literature I have nothing favourable to say. The information contained in it is of so delusive a nature, that I should recommend all who read it to be careful how much they believe.

The English residents are now very numerous; and the numbers are so rapidly increasing, that a newspaper in the English language is imperatively required. A *local* 'Galignani' is what is wanted. There are no news-agents in Constantinople, and European papers are

not to be bought. When the mail arrives everyone is trying to see a paper, and has often to wait for days before he can get one to read. A paper which everyone can buy when he likes, is the thing wanted. It should of course contain advertisements—a matter of no small importance in a place like this—also extracts from the leading London papers, local news, news from the Crimea, &c. If properly managed, it could not fail to be remunerative.

Besides the local subscribers, it would circulate at Smyrna, Athens, Egypt—in short, wherever there are British merchants in the East, or wherever we have naval or military stations. Nor would its success be dependent upon the continuation of the war; for I am inclined to think that if peace were made tomorrow, a long time must elapse before our establishments in this country are entirely broken up—as I cannot think that the Turkish government either can or could be allowed to go on alone; and to ensure an equal administration of law and justice to Christian and Mussulman alike, it will be necessary to put

them under some tuition, for they will never do it of their own accord.

There is no place or country which affords greater opening for the profitable investment of capital than Constantinople and Turkey do at this moment. With good management, money may be made here as easily as in Australia. The diggings are nothing to it. There are opportunities for all classes, whether they possess a very large or a very small amount of capital. At present, commissariat contracts appear to be the most lucrative for those who have the capital required, and a sufficient knowledge of the business. If foreigners were allowed to hold land—which privilege no doubt will soon be conceded to them—they will be enabled to purchase the finest land at a merely nominal rate, and may obtain an immense return for their money; but they would always have to depend upon native labour—for English workmen would not be able to stand the climate, and should only be employed as foremen or overseers. For a smaller amount of capital, there are the steamers and similar investments.

An hotel is very much wanted at Scutari. It would pay enormously, for people would reside there in preference to Pera, or even Therapia, and Buyukderé. It has the advantages of the country, into which people can get in a few minutes, and, moreover, is so much closer to Stamboul and Galata than the two last-named places. For my part, I would go and stay there to-morrow if there was any place I could live in. It is a wonder to me that an hotel has not been established there before this, and I can only account for it by the apathy, want of energy, and unbusiness-like habits of the people. There must be something in the climate enervating to most people, for the English who have resided here any length of time, appear to be nearly as deficient in go-a-head qualities as the natives.

There are two English tailors in Pera, who, when I first came to the country, lived in little poky shops, and were glad of any small job. Now they occupy large shops, and have three times as much work as they can do; what with making uniforms for the officers of the

army, Turkish Contingent, &c., there is work for three or four more. Very lately an English bootmaker has set up, but in a small way; he has more work than he can do, and will rapidly get on if he attends to his business. There is an opening for three or four bootmakers; so it is with almost every trade—saddlers, hosiers, &c.

English tradesmen would soon crush the competition of the Perote shopkeepers, whose goods are inferior in quality and make—nothing can be got from them really good and durable. All they have to sell is gimcrack and trashy, not such as we are accustomed to buy in England, and, moreover, is exorbitantly dear. They ask twice as much as they will take, and cheat the customer in the most barefaced manner, and if detected in their roguery are not the least abashed, but laugh in a most complacent way.

It is even worse in the Bazaar in Stamboul; the *stall* keepers there are most shallow and provoking knaves. It is most difficult to get at the lowest price they will take for an article, or to arrive at

any approximation to its real value. On some days they will sell to the same person the same description of goods at half the price they will take at other times, and they always vary the upset price with every different customer. They have no notion of business, or of the value of time, which being of no value to them, they do not understand how it can be of any to you, and keep chaffing for half an hour about a few piastres. No one can go to the bazaar and buy the smallest article right off, without paying double its value at least. This bargaining appears to afford some excitement to the Turks—I always think they take a delight in it, for its own sake; and you can never get them to dispense with it even on the most pressing occasion. To make anything like a good bargain, one must devote one's time to it, and appear perfectly careless whether it is obtained or not. If the article is rejected with disdain, and the would-be purchaser walks off, the Turk will shout after him, "Johnny, Johnny," and as he is looking back will beckon to him to return, and will then probably come down in his price.

From considerable experience, I have always found 'Zenope' to be the best man of business in the bazaar. He is an Armenian, speaks English and French, and sells the best articles. If he is desired to deal *prix fixé*, a bargain may be closed at once, without any chaffing; but visitors generally want something off everything asked, so, of course, he has to put on to the sum he will take. Still, every stranger going into the bazaar may be sure that he will have to pay highly for whatever he buys.

Directly the traveller crosses the bridge of boats, on his way to Stamboul, he will be accosted by Jews, who ask if he is going to the bazaar, and follow, in spite of all he can do to prevent them. They want to be employed as interpreters, and to get a commission on whatever he buys. It is impossible to get rid of them. They will not be driven away, and adhere most pertinaciously to him wherever he goes; and if he commences to deal, they suddenly pop their dirty heads between him and the shopman, and begin to interpret and explain. Abuse is of no avail—they are

so used to it, both from Christian and Turk. They always hunt in pairs, and, as the traveller moves off, one follows, and the other stays behind to receive a *backshish*.

On Saturday, however, they are not to be seen—as it is the Jewish Sabbath ; and one may then go to the bazaar without any fear of being persecuted by them.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERAPIA.

August 2nd.—DR. ZOHRAB, a medical man in considerable practice, said to-day, that he had been twenty-five years in this country, and that this was the hottest and most unhealthy summer he had known—even hotter than at Damascus or Aleppo. He has been ill himself, and that is, perhaps, the reason why he feels the heat more. I do not find it very hot or oppressive, as long as one does not go out in the sun ; and I have often suffered far more from the heat in London, than I have done in the East.

Still it is far too hot to take much exercise in walking—especially, in such a hilly country. A horse affords the only pleasant means of locomotion, and may be considered at all times an indispensable requisite.

Dr. Zohrab also said, he had observed that from the middle of July to the middle of August, was always the most unhealthy time in this country.

3rd.—To-day I went, for the first time, to the 'Sweet Waters of Asia,' on the Bosphorus, near Anatoli Hissar. I had been told that I should see a better show of people than at the Sweet Waters of Europe, but it was not so. The scenery is inferior. The assemblage of people was small, and there were few 'swells.' The day was windy, which was against a large muster of visitors, as the Turkish women do not go about much in caïques when the water is rough.

I heard to-day that Captain Sherard Osborn, of the *Vesuvius*, had managed to reconnoitre the Tchongar bridge in the Putrid Sea, over which the Russians have established a communication between the Crimea and Southern

Russia. With the assistance of two men he hauled his gig across the Spit of Arabat. They rowed all night, and during the day remained concealed in the reeds. They again proceeded after dark, and very early next morning got near the bridge, and saw trains of carts passing over it, accompanied by very few men. The water was so shallow in many places, that they *poled* the boat along, instead of rowing in the usual manner. I also heard that they suffered very much from the heat and the mosquitoes.

Now I merely give these particulars, as I heard them from pretty good authority. They may be partially incorrect, but I believe them to be chiefly true, and Captain Osborn deserves great credit for having undertaken and accomplished so difficult and dangerous a reconnaissance.

6th.—I went off to spend the day at Arnaout Keui, or the Albanian village—a settlement on the Bosphorus, about half-way between Therapia and Constantinople—in company with an officer of the navy. It was very hot; and, having soon exhausted the

excitements of the place, we went for something to do, into a *καφενειον τερψεως*, or *Café de la Recreation*, situated at the edge of the water, and regaled ourselves with lobsters, prepared after the Greek fashion with oil and lemon-juice. We also had Constantinople beer, and various Greek wines, all sufficiently bad. Before we left, there was an irruption of French and English soldiers, who noisily fraternized, and talked to each other incessantly without understanding what was said in reply.

From my experience, I find that any information obtained from residents in Constantinople is not to be depended on. Their accounts are so absurdly false that they seem to be ignorant of what is passing under their noses. I think most strangers will find out before long that few speak the truth ; and the longer they remain here, the more mendacious they become. No two people agree in their accounts about anything, and actual experience only is to be depended upon ; and that of course varies with different people. Except Stampa, I know of none who can give any correct

information about the starting of steamers, or any general subjects you may inquire about.

The population of Constantinople and the banks of the Bosphorus must be immense. The villages, which look small upon the water, are in reality very large, as will soon be seen on going into them. Being built in deep valleys and hollows, they do not show at a distance. The houses are all made of wood, unpainted, and with projecting windows—where the Greek women, and men too, sit all day long the whole year, looking up and down the streets. It seems to be their chief occupation. From outside, these towns and villages have a most picturesque appearance, from the effect of the houses, which are built one above another up the sides of steep hills, and are consequently the most conspicuous.

Walk up the streets, or rather the lanes, of any Greek or Turkish town, and the open drains and horrid smells will soon destroy—if you are a recent arrival—any romantic notions you may have formed respecting the ‘land of the cypress and myrtle!’ and the painful conviction will be forced upon you that the

‘deeds which are done in this clime’ are far more disgusting than dreadful !

In the cool of the evening, the Greek girls walk about in crowds, nearly always with their heads uncovered—merely a spangled handkerchief being entwined in their hair. Many of them are very handsome. You may see a Peri most beautiful, a regular ‘little stunner ;’ but the chances are a thousand to one that she lives in a house with an open drain before the door, and the interior smelling like a sewer, where you would be glad to hold your nose. She, too, is as yet innocent of the mysteries of the great tub, or sponge bath !

People who are fresh here say, What beautiful mosques, and what graceful caiques the Turks build : they must be people of great taste. They do not consider that the caiques were here long before the Turks, and that the form of the mosques originated with the Greeks.

7th.—General Canrobert left to-day for Paris. Sir R. England has also left the Crimea. There are hardly any of the generals who came out with the army, now left. Years

ago I used to say that, in twelve months after war broke out, there would be a complete change in our military executive, as originally formed, and it appears that I have been right in my prediction.

8th.—I was in a house in Stamboul to-day, when it began to rain in torrents, with thunder and lightning unceasing. The crash of the former exceeded anything I have before heard. I was detained by the rain full three hours, and then, during a few drier minutes, ran into the bazaar, where it was so dark that I could hardly see. I met three acquaintances, one of whom, at the taking of the Quarries, had shot seven Russians, including an officer, with a musket, and was afterwards wounded by a ball lodging in his shoulder. We went into Zenope's, and, to pass the time, I gave them a Turkish repast, which cost me about two shillings for the four. I sent out for a large dish of kabobs done with a sort of tough biscuit, covered with grease; and then we had a second course, consisting of "Muhalihi," made of rice-flour boiled, and covered with sugar and milk. It was a very

good sort of stuff; we ate it with funny looking lilliputian brass shovels, the spoon part of which was triangular. Lastly, we had lemonade, pipes, and coffee, and then I presented them each with a copy of the Turkish newspaper—the *Djeridé Havadis*—to send to their friends, as a specimen of Turkish literature. As it was so dark, I had a candle lighted, which seemed to be a great event, for people collected at the door of the shop to look at us. Zenope said that for forty years, since which time his father and he had had the shop, such a thing as to have to light a candle had not occurred.

As there appeared to be no chance of its getting fine, I started off to Pera. The streets were nothing but courses, along which the water ran in rivers; and spouts of various lengths, sticking horizontally from the houses, conducted the rain into the streets, so that it was impossible to avoid being ducked. The Turkish women were crawling home, apparently in a half-drowned state, with their thin clothes completely drenched, sticking close to their bodies, and completely betraying the shape of their limbs.

The Turks and other natives were ferried across the streams on men's backs. I, being mounted, made my own way; but my suridjee did not appear to like it, and emptied the water out of his big slippers after every stream he crossed.

There is no doubt but that such rain does a great deal of good, and clears the drains and streets of filth, which accumulates much faster than the rapidly-decreasing dogs ever would or could consume it; and the *Turks* would never think of employing any other scavengers, unless the force of circumstances obliged them to do so.

For a wonder, the steamer I went in to Therapia was comparatively empty; most of the passengers staid below, and the steam that came up the hatchway was anything but pleasant. A very little rain shuts these people up; had it been fine the boat would have been crammed, as usual. It poured with rain all the evening, and the usually clear water of the Bosphorus was streaked with stains as muddy as the Thames. The rain came down like hail. All said that they had seen nothing

like it before ; and an officer, of long Indian experience, told me he had never seen heavier rain in that country. After all, I prefer a climate where the rain comes down at once, instead of drizzling for weeks together as it does in England—or, still worse, in Ireland.

11th.—Omar Pasha was installed to-day as a G.C.B., with great ceremony, at the British Embassy. There was both an English and a Turkish guard of honour. He had to kneel to receive the Cross from Lord Stratford, which, for a Mussulman, appears to be an anomaly, and a decided innovation. Not that I believe Omar Pasha has the least *faith* in his religion ; but, still, he professes to be a follower of Mahomet.

After this Lord Stratford made a speech in English, to which Omar Pasha replied in French, and the affair wound up with luncheon. The pashas who assisted, comprising many dignitaries of the empire, drank champagne vigorously, to show their civilization. I was not present, and only know what occurred from many who were there.

12th—*Sunday*.—Church service at Therapia

is performed in the naval hospital. The clergyman preached for upwards of an hour—a dry, controversial sermon, which, of course, was admirably adapted to his congregation, who principally consisted of invalid sailors !

I never can make out why clergymen are so fond of preaching long sermons. If they only studied the feelings of their congregations, they would shorten them one-half.

An English church is very much wanted in Pera. I believe the accommodation afforded in the British Embassy, where service is performed, is far more inadequate than it was a year and a half ago, when I last attended. The service was at that time performed in two small rooms, communicating by a door. Persons sitting in the inner room, except a few just opposite the door, could neither see nor be seen by the parson. There were only a limited number of chairs, and the *resident* attendants, chiefly women, made a point of sitting upon two or more chairs at a time, covering them over with the skirts of their dresses. There were also a lot of low cushions round the room, which would

have done very well for children, but their mothers put them on the chairs, and the male visitors had either to stand during the service, or squat upon the cushions. I then attended several times, and every Sunday the evil got worse. Had the chaplain exerted himself, he might have got two or three dozen more chairs, as there was ample space for them. He might also have requested the women to only occupy one chair each, and put their children on stools.

Numbers of strangers went in, and were obliged to stand, while the resident English occupied more than their share of seats, and did not offer to move.

Behind the naval hospital are some very pretty gardens, with large trees and plenty of shade—a capital place for walking. It is enclosed by a wall, but, as is usual in Turkey, the wall is full of gaps, through which there is no difficulty in passing.

Grapes, melons, water-melons, figs, peaches, filberts, &c., are common here, and may be bought for a small sum in the streets. The grapes, melons, and nuts are good, but the

peaches are never ripe, and have little flavour.

In going through Constantinople, one may buy a bunch of fine grapes for a piastre or less, eat as one walks, and buy another bunch when the first is finished, for there are men with large hampers full of them at short intervals. In fact, one may *grape* one's way from one end of the town to another, and in this hot weather they are very acceptable, when it is the custom for people to carry umbrellas, generally white ones, to protect them from the sun.

A band of the Turkish Contingent generally plays in the evening on the quay at Buyukderé, in front of the Russian Embassy house. The natives then turn out in their best, and promenade up and down, and there are plenty of pretty women. Some Turkish women also come out, and sit on the benches, but do not walk about.

Fleas are most abundant in Turkey at this time of year. The floor of my room is covered with matting, which makes fine cover for them. There is one spot, where

if I put down my foot or leg uncovered, the fleas jump on it directly, and begin to feed faster than I can pick them off, which is an unnecessary piece of exertion, for others soon take their place. Now I am so used to them as not to mind them in the least.

In Constantinople, fleas are only prevalent during the hot season ; and I know an attaché who parodies the first paragraph of Gibbon's Autobiography, by saying—" that he is thankful that he lives in the nineteenth century, in a genial climate, just beyond the region of perpetual fleas !" for further to the East, they are common during all seasons.


CHAPTER XIV.

ON TURKS IN GENERAL.

August 16th.—In the afternoon, I went with a friend to Buyukderé, intending to ride up to the camp of the Turkish Contingent. The steamer was crowded, and there were a great number of soldiers of the Contingent, in addition to the ordinary passengers, and the struggling to get on shore, when the boat arrived alongside the pier, was greater than usual. The Turks tried to push everyone aside, and get on shore first. Directly after I had crossed the gangway, I was pushed right and left by the crowd, and felt myself taken by the arm

and flung violently aside. I looked round, and saw that a Turkish officer was my assailant. He was dressed in uniform, wore a gold medal, and carried a sword. Without a moment's pause, I raised an oaken stick I always carry, and hit him a back-handed stinger over the ear. His head rattled with the blow, and he winked his eyes. I was immediately surrounded by Zapties (*i.e.* police) and Turkish soldiers, who seized and held me. He commenced a volley of abuse, and, stepping back, ran at and hit me *over* the head with his fist; but as he struck the thick turban I wear on my hat, I did not feel it.

I was then hurried off by the Turks, along the quay. I had no chance of making any resistance, for there were twenty or thirty of them about me. However, in spite of their pushing and hustling, I stood still after I had gone a short distance, and insisted upon stopping until some Englishmen, who had seen the commencement of the row, came up, and offered to go with me to give their evidence in my favour. Then I went on, followed closely by the Philistines, who heaped no end of abuse



on me — calling me Giaour, dog, and other polite terms of the kind ; and urging each other to strike me, which none dared to do until the Turkish officer, perhaps provoked by their words, and emboldened by his last blow not having been returned, came behind and hit me a second blow on the head. I had never let them deprive me of my stick, so I turned and gave him another rattler on his skull ; but the stick having been previously half whittled through, and probably cracked by the first rap I gave him, unfortunately broke. However, he had had enough, and did not come near me again. He was taller than myself, but a good “facer” would have shut him up at once ; however, I did not want to make the row greater than it was, especially as he had had much the worst of it.

As we went along, all the windows were full of people, looking on at the unusual occurrence—viz., that of a Christian striking a Turk.

When we got to head-quarters, General Michel came out, and the Turk made his

complaint against me. He had retained the broken piece of stick, which he waved in one hand, while he rubbed his head with the other. Whatever he said, of course, the Turks corroborated.

I then made my statement, and many English and some foreigners, who had witnessed the disturbance, came forward and said I had acted perfectly right. Among them were several officers of the army and gentlemen who had resided some time in this country. A servant of Captain Quin of the Turkish Contingent, also came forward and said there had been a somewhat similar row a few days before. His master, while in the crowd which is always occasioned by the people on board the steamers rushing to get on shore, had inadvertently trodden on the foot of a Turkish officer, who struck him, and received a blow from his whip over the head in return. As in my case, he and his servant were mobbed by Turks—there was a fight—and it was necessary to send an escort to bring him from the hotel adjoining the pier, to headquarters.

The Turks have an idea that they may strike Christians, without being struck in return ; and until lately no one has dared to strike them, for fear of being mobbed and murdered ; for they have no idea of fair play, and if they got a man down would surround and kick him to death—which some persons who saw the transaction, and knew the language, afterwards told me they thought would have been my fate. I had long ago resolved, that if ever a Turk struck or insulted me, I would ‘pitch into him,’ whatever the consequences might be ; and that, as far as I was concerned, the Crescent should no longer insult the Cross with impunity.

As I was clearly proved to have been in the right, of course, I was not detained ; but I left my name and those of my witnesses, in case of the affair going any further.

The name of the Turk, who is a lieutenant of the 2nd regiment of the Contingent, was also taken down, and I hope a mark may stand against it.

In consequence of this disturbance, it was now too late to go up to the camp ; moreover, I

did not know whether the Turks might not exercise a little lynch law upon me, if they caught me up there ; for the English officers would have little authority over them in a case of the sort, as they cannot yet speak Turkish, and have not the power of punishing the men—which power is vested in the binbashi, or chief native officer.

These rows have not been unproductive of good, for a General Order has since been issued to the Contingent, respecting the disorderly conduct of the Turkish soldiers on board the steamers—ordering that sub-officers should be sent in charge of them, to see that they conducted themselves properly.

17th.—I went to-day to see the English Consul, and told him about yesterday's occurrence at Buyukderé, and asked whether he thought I ought to make a complaint against the Turk, so as to be before-hand in case any more notice should be taken of the matter, saying, at the same time, that *I* was satisfied with the retaliation I had made. He said that as I had taken the law into my own hands, he

did not think *I* could do any more, adding, that he always advised people here, not to do so in case of a quarrel, but to make a formal complaint against the offender. But this, in my case, would have been an absurdity, for I might have been kept waiting an indefinite time, and at last, no proper punishment would have been inflicted on the Turk. As it was, my remedy was prompt and sure, such as he could *feel*, and the others could see.

While the Turk was making his complaint, I recollect that one of the soldiers said that I ought not to have struck him, but should have given him in charge of the police. That was all very fine; I could not speak Turkish—they would have understood and believed him, while they could not understand me, and he would get away without my being able to find out who he was. The Turks *knew* that had I merely complained, he would have eventually got off without punishment, after causing me no end of delay and trouble. In a country like this, where law and justice are a farce, and the weakest go to the wall, I am of opinion that club law

is the best, being the soonest enforced and the most respected.

18th.—News arrived that Sveaborg had been bombarded by the Baltic fleet—that the arsenal and ships were destroyed, and that the town had been burning for forty-five hours. We also heard of the battle of Tractir-bridge, on the morning of the 16th.

19th.—On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, just opposite Therapia, is Hunkiar Skelessi, which gives its name to the last treaty made between the Czar and the Sultan. The literal translation of Hunkiar Skelessi, is the man-destroyer's landing-place—Hunkiar being one of the many attributes of the Sultan, and signifying man-slayer. It is a title very inapplicable to the present monarch, for, to do him justice, he is as mild and humane as man can be, in the way of not shedding blood.

At the point of land to the north of Beicos Bay, is a large stone, on which is an inscription in Turkish, engraved by the Russians, to commemorate the encampment of the Russian army there in 1833, when they were sent to

protect Constantinople, in the event of Mehemet Ali being able to march through Asia Minor to Scutari. Some one has partially damaged the inscription, which is cut in the hardest stone. The letters were originally gilt, but the gilding is now worn off.

Not far off, is a fine kiosk, not yet finished, belonging to the family of Mehemet Ali. It is a beautiful structure of marble, and inlaid wooden floors, with a succession of terraces outside. There is a fine valley at the same spot, fertile, but very unhealthy, like all such situations in this country.

We heard to-day that the English batteries had opened again on the morning of the 17th, and that our vertical fire on the Malakhoff was tremendous. As the admiral described it—"it was so hot that an earwig could not live there."

The next day I dined with a friend who lives in Pera. He gave me a 'shake-down,' but I was so bullied by bugs and mosquitoes that, by preference, I remained awake all night reading. Had I slept, I should have been consumed before morning. I had fine sport.

I killed nine mosquitoes, five bugs, and a few fleas; but of the latter I took very little notice. Numbers of the others escaped. I can put up with one description of enemy, but the allied forces were too much for me; and nothing but constant vigilance kept them off. The hum of the mosquitoes alone is enough to keep me awake on ordinary occasions.

I am preparing to return to the Crimea shortly, and am much vexed at having missed the battle of Tractir Bridge. I have been here much longer than I had intended; but I have got over the hot season, when one could not do much anywhere.

23rd.—The feast of Bairam began yesterday, and will last four days. The Turks have shut up shop, and will do no business. All their steamers go about decorated with flags, and their batteries fire salutes at sunrise, mid-day, and sunset. The pashas receive visits from their friends, and their servants receive backshish.

An Englishman—settled in this country—told me that he went to-day to visit a pasha of some consequence, with whom he has some

business transactions. He paid four hundred piastres to the servants as 'backshish;' and the pasha sent his caïque to take him home. One of the pasha's children, a girl of twelve years old, came in to take leave of him, for it was the last time she was to appear in public—henceforth she would be veiled. Formerly she used to come in with the other children, and talk away freely. No doubt a girl in Turkey looks forward to being veiled with the same pride that a boy in England does to the day when he is to put on a tailed-coat for the first time.

The pasha has four wives and four Circassian slaves. He is always in debt; for, of course, so many women are an enormous expense, as they are continually quarrelling, and necessarily have separate apartments. However, I believe it is not usual for a Turk to have more than one *wife*, on account of the expense. This, however, is not the case with the working-classes in the country, who are more frequently pluralists, as their wives are servants and *helps* to them.

I hear that the Turks acknowledge the great

inconvenience of their marriage system, and the seclusion of their women, but are too bigoted and obstinate to abandon it. When they do, it will be the first great step towards their civilization, for their exclusiveness will be gone.

Women have a great part to perform in the progress, education, and civilization of a nation. Not one Turkish woman in five thousand can read or write, or knows any language but her own. They are totally uneducated, and ignorant of everything except dress, the making of sweetmeats, and a few household occupations.

They have naturally no modesty or chastity, and do not know what it means. Their language and conversation are habitually of the foulest description. They are as different in their manners and habits from European women as Turks are from European men. This is, of course, the result of their seclusion and want of education.

Keep them ignorant and secluded as they now are, and the Turks will remain a bigoted, ignorant, vicious, and depraved people; for how much does the education and manners of

a child in after years depend upon its mother? If she is illiterate, bigoted, and immodest, how can the child be otherwise? The only way to teach and improve such people, is to *catch them young*—as a Yankee parson, who had come from America with some educational scheme, said to me one day, “for nothing can be done with the *old ones*.”

The custom of wearing a veil was formerly prevalent among the women of all Eastern nations. There was a time—so I read—when the Russian women went veiled. Peter the Great ordered them to appear uncovered, and, to enforce his order, compelled them to walk about between ranks of soldiers; and the consequence of this measure may be better imagined than told.

Sultan Mahmoud wanted to make his women go about unveiled, but the opposition of the priests was so strong, that he abandoned the idea. The veils of the Constantinople women are certainly as thin as they well can be, and the Sultan's women wear the thinnest of all.

Turkish women are jealously watched, and have few opportunities of going astray.

Not long ago the police considered it their duty to watch Turkish women when they went into Frank quarters, and ere now have invested a house in which they have seen a Turkish woman enter ; and it has been necessary to break a way into the adjoining dwelling to enable her to escape.

Not that I have much to say for the morality of the Frank population. The newly-arrived visitor will not have been very long on shore before he will have direct evidence to the contrary, given by numerous Jews and Greeks ; and see many of whom Jezebel was a prototype, when she “ painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.”

There is also something peculiar in the general *toute ensemble* of most Perote women, which gives them a decidedly ‘*irregular*’ appearance. Young England, on his arrival, is consequently frequently deceived thereby, and angrily returns from a long and hot walk, after having had an iron door slammed in his face !

The more I see of Pera, the more I hate it. Yet how much might be done if we could only.

infuse some Western energy into Eastern apathy and indifference. There must be something peculiar about Constantinople; when, of the hundreds and thousands of people who come here, all seem glad to leave it, and none appear to wish to see it again.

If I had my own way, how I would tax the Perotes for paving, cleaning, and lighting the streets; organize an efficient police; kill the dogs, and make drains. My constant urging and talking about the want of an hotel at Scutari appear to have had some little effect; but I dare say it will soon wear off. I hear several persons are now *thinking* of setting one up. One is a Maltese, whom I met on board a steamer. He is the proprietor of a small hotel in Buyukderé, and he told me that it is now twenty-five years since he first came to Constantinople, and that he has been a permanent resident in it for thirteen years. He had been over to Scutari and Kadikoi, for the *first time*, to see about a house for an hotel. He was quite surprised to find the latter such a nice place. When I remarked that it was strange he had

not been there before, he said that previous to the arrival of the English army, none but Turks lived at Scutari ; and Europeans, having little business with them, seldom went there. I am of opinion that Scutari will eventually be a better town than either Pera or Galata. Among other advantages it possesses, the ground on which it is built is far more level.

29th.—Left Constantinople early in the morning for Balaklava, and arrived there on the 31st, on which day Lord Stratford returned to Therapia from the Crimea, where he had been to distribute the decorations of the Bath.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.

September 1st.—I WENT up to camp, and during my stay this time took up my quarters with an old friend, whose duties required him to have a small separate encampment of his own.

Captain Fraser of the 95th regiment was killed last night. He was on duty in the trenches, and was struck in the thigh by a grape-shot or a piece of shell. He was brought up to camp, and died soon after. He had only been a few days in the Crimea, and it was his second tour of duty. He was buried

in the afternoon on Cathcart's Hill. The cemetery there is now enclosed with a stone wall. The coffin was covered with the regimental colours, tattered and full of shot holes. There is something very impressive in a military funeral.—The great quiet previous to its setting off—every one feeling restraint, and speaking in an under-tone—the 'Dead March,' and the funeral service. When that is concluded, the change is great—the band strikes up a quick step—the party march home—and the dead man is forgotten, until the sale of his effects takes place, when he is again talked of, and jokes are cracked about the state of his "kit" by the crowd who assemble, not merely to buy, but to hear the news and talk over the events of the day.

Of late, the Russians have been in the habit of throwing shot into camp, generally hollow shot filled with lead, so as to give them greater range. The other night, the paymaster of the 95th was lying on the bed in his tent giving instructions to his clerk, who was writing at the table, when suddenly the latter jumped up, and said, "Here it is, sir."—A

shot came through the top of the tent, knocked off a leg of the table close to where the clerk had been sitting, and buried itself deep in the ground. The noise it made rushing through the air was heard a long way off, and alarmed the whole regiment, who ran out of their tents to see what was the matter. There have been several other narrow escapes. One shot fell close to Mr. Russell's house; and a horse was killed in General Markham's stables. Still they did very little real damage, and the Russians soon discontinued the practice. I afterwards saw the guns from which these shot were fired. They were in the Flagstaff Battery, and where three or four in number. The breeches were sunk in holes in the ground, merely resting on beams of wood, so as to give them great elevation, and then had apparently been fired with a slow match.

Captain Dymock of the 95th, who is employed with the Turkish army under Omar Pasha (and who was afterwards killed at the passage of the Ingour), told me that he had a watch stolen by the Turks. He complained, and the suspected man was brought forward.

The chief mollah—*i.e.*, the principal chaplain, performed some ceremony or other, and said that if the accused *had* stolen the watch he would *burst*; of course this explosion did not follow, and the watch was not recovered.

3rd.—The weather just now is the very perfection of climate—the days are warm and the nights are cool, but not too much so. The talk just now is, that the Russians will attack us at all points in the course of the next two days. *I* have an idea that we are more likely to attack *them*, indeed I got a hint that the batteries would re-open soon, perhaps on Thursday, and that some result might be looked for.

The camp where I live is situated in an old vineyard, at the head of a ravine. The soil is deep mould, and not good for a camp. It is the noisiest locality I ever was in. All night long the squealing of mules is incessant; sometimes they break loose and run round the tents. The servants turn out and try to drive them off, but they return, and encourage the horses to break from their pickets. At day-break a corps of French drummers begin to

practise, and every-one who has once heard them will recollect what a noise *they* can make. As soon as they have done, English drummers continue the row for two or three hours, and about ten in the morning, a number of men of the Fourth Division who have returned from the trenches, come into the ravine to discharge their muskets; this cracking of small arms lasts for about an hour, and is pleasantly varied by bullets now and then whistling about our tents.

A new bazaar is in course of construction near the Fourth Division, and many of the huts are already made. It will be of great service to the troops in the front, especially during winter, and render it unnecessary for them to go to Balaklava or Kamiesch to get their supplies.

I must say that I have an attack of nostalgia now and then, and on these occasions I feel strongly inclined to return to England; but I have always said that I would see the place taken, and I will do so.

5th.—Very heavy firing at daybreak. The French opened fire from their batteries on the

left. They are supposed to have done so for the purpose of creating a diversion, while pushing on their sap up to the Malakhoff, to which they are now very close. It is said that the Russians have now great difficulty in replacing their damaged guns. Our batteries opened at one o'clock p.m. As soon as the firing began, the Russians marched numbers of troops over their bridge of boats into the south side, and laden carts were seen to cross over to the north side.

This was the day on which the Russians were expected to attack us; but if they even intended it, I do not think they are likely to do so while the nights are moonlight, as they are at present.

Our advanced trench is a warm spot just now. It is said that to push on the sap will cost us five hundred men. Every day we lose officers. The officers and men, who have served through the winter and summer in the trenches, deserve any reward; and nothing can be too much in return for the constant courage and unfailing endurance with which they have gone through so much danger and hardship.

Let it be always remembered, that the troops who took Sebastopol were the Infantry, Artillery, and Engineers, aided by the invaluable services of the Naval Brigade. The Cavalry had none of the thankless, dangerous, and disgusting trench duty. One day, about this time, two officers were sitting under the parapet in the advanced trenches, and keeping as close down as they could—for volleys of grape shot were tearing over their heads. One said to the other—"I say, old fellow, this is just the time I should like to be in the Cavalry, down at Balaklava!"

The battles of Alma and Inkerman were fought by the Artillery and Infantry. The Cavalry, indeed, have had little fighting to do during the Crimean campaign, except the two charges at Balaklava—one of which we shall always have cause to regret. I do not say this with the least wish to disparage the services of the Cavalry. Nothing could be further from my intention; but I like to see those who do the lion's share of the fighting get the lion's share of the praise and reward.

Last night, some men belonging to a regi-

ment newly arrived, fired at some sentries, who were posted in front of the advanced trenches, under the supposition that they were Russians, and shot two of them.

While riding about the camp, I met Lieutenant Donovan, of the 33rd, whom I have already alluded to. I had been acquainted with him for a long time. I knew him at Portsmouth long before he entered the army. I next met him on the Nile; he was then on his way from England to Australia; but before leaving Egypt he heard of the war and went to Constantinople, where I saw him again. He accompanied his brother's regiment—the 33rd—to Bulgaria, and went into action with it at Alma, as a volunteer, and in consequence had an ensign's commission offered to him, which he accepted. Up to this time he had been constantly present with the 33rd, served with it in the trenches throughout the winter, and had been present at every battle and sortie.

I asked him if he was game for another burst over the 'open' against the Redan. He laughed, and said that he thought he should

be done for at last ; and he was right, for I never saw him again. He was hit in the throat by a grape-shot, on the 8th, while looking through his spy-glass over the parapet, having remained in the trenches during the attack. He was a thorough soldier, and the spirit of war was strong in him. If he had lived, he would not have failed to become distinguished in his profession, had opportunity been afforded him.

Most of the volunteers in this campaign have "come to grief." Whether they commenced as civilians or as volunteers from other regiments not engaged in the war, with few exceptions, they have either died, been killed, or severely wounded.

6th.—Last night a Russian two-decker was burnt in the harbour. I did not hear for certain the origin of the fire.

Heavy firing all the morning on the French left. It continued all day and night.

I rode down by the reservoir, and along the aqueduct to the bridge of Tractir, where the battle was fought. Russian caps, pieces of shell, and other traces of the fight were

lying about. A lot of new entrenchments had been made by the French since I was over the ground in June ; but in other respects it was not much changed.

The attack of the Russians at this point appears to me to have been the most foolish thing they have done, during the war in the Crimea. I never could have believed, after having once seen the ground, that they would have attempted it. They had to advance over a wide plain, cross a river, and an aqueduct, both with high banks, exposed to a heavy fire of artillery directed from an elevated position, which they would have had to storm. They never could have finally succeeded except by a miracle—for although they might have gained some advantage at first, a large force could soon have been brought up to repel them.

From here I went to the camp of the Highland brigade, close to Kamara, of which place nothing now remains except the church. Every house has been levelled or taken away. The Highlanders camp is close to the Sardinians. They were sent there in case the Russians should make another attack from the

direction of Alsoo. The Turkish army is encamped up a glen, beyond the Highlanders. Their sentries are always shouting at and trying to stop everyone who goes near them ; and, as one cannot explain what is wanted, the only way is to ride on and pay no attention. I went on to see Captain Dymock. He lives with Colonel Simmons, who is called by the Turks, the Sakali Meerali, or bearded colonel ; for in the Turkish army no one under the rank of leva pasha, or major-general, is allowed to wear a beard, unless he is a hadji, or pilgrim.

Omar Pasha was up here for a few days, but has left again, and gone to Asia, where it is expected the army will soon follow. They will be of more service there, for the Turkish army does not effectually co-operate with European troops. I hear that Omar Pasha and Pelissier do not agree. I also hear that when the former was at Constantinople, he bought a Circassian slave for sixty thousand piastres—about £420, to be his campaigning companion ; and brought her up to the Crimea, but she always remained on board his steamer.

The dust is blowing about in clouds all

day. It is the sure forerunner of bad weather—which in this country never comes without warning. Very heavy firing at night.

7th.—The roar of the guns was very great in the morning. Showers of rain early, and high wind all day—raising heavy clouds of dust. Firing all day on the left.

Preparations are being made for an attack. The troops are ordered to have two days' rations cooked, and they are to be ready early to-morrow morning. These are sure omens of a bloody day. Although all know that there will be another go-in to-morrow, still none are so confident as they were on the last occasion, when few doubted that victory was ours. This time, people talk less, and in all probability think less about it.

8th—Saturday.—The troops went down into the trenches early in the morning. The day was very cold and windy, a regular nip-finger breeze was blowing right from the town to the camp, and raising clouds of dust.

In the morning the firing began on the left as usual, but *our* batteries were nearly silent. About ten a.m. I turned out, and went to

Cathcart's Hill to see what was going on. The Cavalry farce had again been enacted. A line of videttes was posted in front of the camp, through the middle of which a line of foot sentries was drawn; and they tried to stop every one, and gave great dissatisfaction, for even those who had a right to pass had great trouble in doing so.

Occasionally a shell would burst high in the air over-head, and the sharp *thud* of the report made it appear much nearer than it really was. Some who were on duty there, not being so used to firing and shelling, as those who perpetually resided at the front, would have it that the Russians were firing at the few who were allowed to pass the line of sentries, and for a long time made insane and fruitless endeavours to disperse any crowd that collected. At last, being convinced that their energy was misplaced, they desisted, and allowed people to look on quietly. I moved about from place to place, according as I thought I could best get a view of what was going on.

At noon there was a general burst of smoke along the line of our batteries, and from those

of the French on the right, which had commenced firing rapidly.

About half-past twelve, as near as I could make out, the French went in at the Malakhoff. I judge it to have been so from the heavy musketry fire that began about that hour. From that time the smoke became so thick that everything was obscured, except during an occasional lull, when the wind had time to carry it off.

Not long after—I cannot say the exact time, because, from the excitement of the occasion, one has hardly time or inclination, especially on so cold a day, to put down a spy-glass and look at a watch—the heavy rolling of musketry from the Redan gave us to understand that an attack had been made there also. I have never heard such a noise—what with the cannon, musketry, and yelling—since the battle of Inkerman. Of course, we were all most impatient to know the result. At last, the smoke blew clear away from the Malakhoff, and we could see it plainly. Not a shot was fired from it. “The attack has ailed,” said some. “No,” said others; “the

French have got in." I adhered to the latter opinion.

Bye and bye the Redan appeared through the smoke, and I could see our men standing on the parapet of the salient angle. We judged that all was right, and, although the firing soon re-commenced, had no fear for the result, as we were ignorant of the real state of the case. All were now eager for news of what had been done, and to know who was dead, who was alive, and who had been wounded. The accounts we heard were, as usual, vague and unsatisfactory. Many were reported to be dead who were unhurt; others were killed whom no one knew of. Among the killed was Colonel Handcock, of the 97th. His wife was looking on at the attack from the picket-house, but she could not have seen what occurred, on account of the distance and the smoke.

The Highland Brigade had marched from Kamara, and were in the trenches during the attack. The Guards were in reserve in front of the look-out station, and hardly under fire. The 95th formed the reserve

of their Brigade in the storming party, but did not move out of the trenches, and their loss was trifling. The other regiments of the Brigade, the 30th, 55th, and 62nd, who formed the advance and support, suffered dreadfully. The Third Division were in reserve, and remained during the day formed up in front of the quarries before their camp, but concealed from the town by some rising ground.

Some time after the commencement of the attack, I went down the Middle Ravine, which leads to the Mamelon and the right of our trenches. The wounded, both French and English, were being brought up in an unbroken stream. Those who were able were limping home, but by far the greater number were brought up on ambulances and mule panniers.


One incident struck me forcibly. Two wounded men, one English and the other French, were walking arm-in-arm up the ravine, with slow and uncertain steps, each affording support to the other. It was a fine subject for a sketch. Nor was this the only ravine along which the wounded came. All

the others had their full share of returning ambulances. The number of casualties in the 30th Regiment surprised me. About three o'clock I went into the camp, believing the Redan was in our possession. Soon afterwards I went to where the Third Division were in reserve, and a general officer then told me that the Russians had re-taken it, and all were inexpressibly disgusted. It was very difficult to ascertain the real state of affairs—what *had* been done, and what had *not*. Few, excepting some staff-officers, knew anything for certain; and, of course, exaggeration was rife.

What I could hear, and believe, amounted to about this—the French had taken the Malakhoff and retained it, but had been repulsed at the Little Redan and Central Bastion. They had hard work to keep what they had got. Bosquet's Division had saved the day; Bosquet himself was wounded; and the Imperial Guard had suffered considerably.

As all said, we had attacked the Redan with too small a force. General Windham commanded the storming party of the Second Division; and he, with some of our men, got

in at the salient angle ; but in rear of this was a breastwork, behind which the Russians rallied, brought up heavy reserves, and drove so small a force out again. Not only was the attacking column too weak, but being nearly all young, very young soldiers, they would not follow their officers, and dropped for shelter into corners of the trenches as they were advancing, into shell-holes, or behind any other cover they could see—so all said, even the very officers who were themselves with the storming parties. Nor was this all. When they got into the Redan, they could not be induced to advance : a panic seized them ; and a cry was raised that mines were going to be sprung, and they retreated. Even the men in the advanced trenches caught the alarm. “The Russians are coming out,” was the cry. They turned and bolted ; and so great was their hurry, that they did not wait to keep under the cover afforded by the trenches, but ran straight over the open ground. Some officers placed themselves in the way, and threatened to cut down any who ran ; and at last order was restored. The whole concern was a series of blunders. Why did we attack



the Redan with two used-up divisions, like the Second and Light, who had lost their best men long ago—having been engaged in every battle, attack, and sortie? Most of the regiments consisted of nothing but raw recruits, who hardly knew their own officers. Many of the officers themselves were so young, that, from want of experience, they were unfit to be employed on such arduous service. Being such, it was not likely they would hold the Redan.

To send these two divisions—who had been so frequently expended on former occasions—to the attack, was not only the safest means to ensure a failure, but was unfair to them and to the army. It did not give the survivors of so many hard-fought actions a chance of their lives. It appeared as if they were to be utterly exterminated. I have often heard men and officers of these divisions say that they hoped other divisions would come in for the next assault. They naturally wished to be spared on this occasion. The Third Division — whose exertions have hitherto been confined to the Left Attack, by far the easiest

of the two, and the cemetery affair on the 18th of June—would have been glad of an opportunity of distinguishing themselves ; and being mostly old soldiers, would have carried the Redan, and kept it to a certainty, if they had been properly supported.

The reason assigned by General Simpson in his despatch, for selecting the Second and Light Divisions, is that they had defended the Right Attack for so many months, and were intimately acquainted with the ground. If this reason *was* good, and warranted the selection, why was not a sufficient force employed? What an absurdity to send an aggregate force of 1,520 men at such a place, and leave them unsupported at the most critical time. The covering party was 200 ; the ladder party, 320 ; and the assaulting column, 1,000. Four times the number were not more than enough to do the thing properly, and make success certain. The French attacking force, with reserves, amounted I believe to 24,000 men, and they went at it *en masse*, instead of sending a few at a time.

I have obtained the opinions of many—than

whom none are more competent to decide—and I believe that had we attacked with the First and Third Divisions, the former of which did not labour under the disadvantage of not knowing the ground, we should have held the Redan ; and by bringing up field-batteries, and turning some of the Russian guns, have prevented the retreat of the Russians from the Karabelnaia into the main part of the town, and taken them prisoners. Our loss would of course have been greater, but our success would have been more complete ; and, as Pelissier observed, “one cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs.”

There is no doubt but that numbers of our men behaved badly, and would not follow their officers ; in fact, it was the common talk of the camp, and the officers told me so themselves. Our loss in officers was enormous in proportion, and that was the cause of it ; for, having to run out and urge the men on, they of course made themselves more conspicuous, and were soon shot down. The trenches were full of men, and the officers could not get them out. When in the Redan, they would not

obey their commands; and men of one regiment would pay no attention to the officers of another. I cannot conceive anything more disheartening than for an officer to rush to the front on such an occasion, and find that his men will not follow him, and that he has to pull them by the belts, and that even then they will not move forward. I should put it down as a rule, that when the loss of officers has been so disproportionately great, there has been some such cause for exposing themselves more conspicuously to the enemy's fire.

Yet nothing better can be expected when raw recruits, instead of old soldiers, are put to such a task. Those who ordered the attack might have known that such would be the case. Every regimental officer of any experience did. One officer told me that he was two hours in the ditch of the Redan, and could not get up the scaling-ladders—the men before him would not go on. If the men who were already in would have advanced in a body, they might have driven the Russians from behind the breastwork, from which the Russians were picking off our

men, as fast as they could load. Instead, however, they kept up a nearly useless fire at the Russians, whose heads they could only see—while they were completely exposed. This breastwork formed no great obstacle in itself, for the next day it was nearly obliterated. Presently, the Russians brought up their reserves, and, by force of superior numbers, ejected our men from the place.

Such I gather to be the history of our repulse from the Redan—from what actors in the tragedy have told me.

It was a great disadvantage for us that we were unable to push the sap closer up to the Redan. The distance between our advanced trench and the salient angle is, I believe, something less than two hundred yards—a long way for men to go when exposed to a heavy fire. The cause of our works not being closer was the deficiency of sappers, whose numbers were always far inadequate to the work, and line troops are very inferior as workmen. I believe they never exceeded four hundred ; whereas, three times as many would have been hardly enough. The Royal

Engineers have done, in this siege, as much as officers could do with the means they had in their power. It is very much the fashion to speak disparagingly of them, but I believe that they are second to none as military engineers; and I hope the journal of the siege, as kept by them, may be some day published. It will throw light upon many things upon which great doubt and misconception now prevails.

LIST OF CASUALTIES ON 8TH OF SEPTEMBER.

ENGLISH ARMY.

29 officers, 36 sergeants, 6 drummers, 314 rank and file killed.

124 officers, 142 sergeants, 12 drummers, 1,608 rank and file wounded.

1 officer, 12 sergeants, 163 rank and file missing.

Grand total: Killed, 385; wounded, 1,886; missing, 176=2,447.

Casualties in Naval Brigade, 7th and 8th of September: killed, 3; wounded, 24; contused, 4; total, 31.

FRENCH LOSS.

5 generals killed; 4 wounded; 6 contused.

24 superior officers killed; 20 wounded; 2 missing.

116 subaltern officers killed; 224 wounded; 8 missing.

1,489 non-commissioned officers and men killed; 4,259 wounded; 1,400 missing. Total, 7,557.

RUSSIAN LOSS.

The general loss of the garrison on the 8th of September was—

4 superior officers, 55 subalterns, and 2,625 men killed.

26 superior officers, 206 subalterns, 5,826 men wounded.

9 superior officers, 38 subalterns, 1,138 men contused.

24 officers and 1,739 men missing.

Grand total, 11,690.

I consider Mr. Russell's account of the day's proceedings to be the most correct. There are one or two paragraphs which I think would have been better omitted; but they do not relate to the general details of the event, and I believe he received his information from excellent authority.

Yet, after I arrived in England, I heard people abusing him, and the "blackguard *Times*," as they choose to designate that newspaper—for having dared to say that any British soldier behaved badly in the face of the enemy, and stigmatizing the account as being false.

Some English people have their heads so full of absurd notions about the "British Lion,"

and talk of Inkerman being the "soldiers' battle," whereas, it was a battle in which the officers distinguished themselves every bit as much as the soldiers. They also believe that one Englishman is equal to three Russians, at least; and they talk as if they thought that a raw recruit six months enlisted, when he has a red coat on, needs no officers and knows no fear; and when they are told the real state of the case, they are cruelly undeceived, become angry, and, as usual, quarrel with the *Times*.

The only remedy against such disasters for the future, is for England to have an efficient army, instead of a mere collection of regiments, and a *reserve* which will supply something better than raw recruits in a case of emergency; and until John Bull has his eyes opened to the real state of affairs, there is no chance of improvement.

I have no patience with those people who say, that although such a thing may be true, yet it is not advisable to publish it. I believe that no harm ever yet came of telling the truth; but that we owe a great deal of mis-

fortune and mismanagement to a contrary policy.

I got to my tent late in the evening, tired, cold, and disgusted. On getting in, we found that a provost sergeant had brought in a Russian officer who had been taken prisoner. While an escort was preparing to take him to Head Quarters we invited him into the tent. He spoke very little French ; and stated that he was Lieutenant Pauloff, 31st regiment, 16th Division. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance ; and asked if Sebastopol was yet taken. "No," said I, "not yet ; but the French have taken the Malakhoff." "Oh," replied he, and relapsed into thought. *He knew* what the result must be—we only suspected it.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAPTURED CITY.

September 9th—Sunday. — LAST night was bitterly cold, and during the whole time I was in bed I heard and felt constant and heavy explosions, which even shook the ground beneath me. These were followed by rattling, as of musketry, or the rapid bursting of shells. It was so cold, and I was so tired, that between sleeping and waking I heard them, and from my experience of explosions at Kertch, I *felt* what was occurring; still I could not arouse myself sufficiently to put my head from under my plaid, which I generally cover myself up with in such cold weather.

When morning broke, I hailed my friend in the adjoining tent, and expressed my conviction that the 'Ruski' had 'hooked it.' We turned out, and found it was so. The Highlanders were marching back to Kamara. Columns of French troops were returning from the trenches, and a number of Russian prisoners passed on their way to Kamiesch. It was ten o'clock before I left the tent. I should have been away much earlier but I had some difficulty in persuading my friend that Sebastopol was not to be taken every day, while tubs and breakfasts might constantly be obtained at leisure.

It was as I thought—the Russians had evacuated the place and blown up their magazines. The town was on fire, and nearly obscured by the clouds of smoke which hung over it. I went down to the Quarries near the Third Division. The cavalry videttes were again posted in front of the camp, about half-way between it and the trenches, and were stopping all officers, and persons who were mounted; while navvies and merchant-seamen managed to sneak down the ravines

unmolested. Soon after I got there, there was a tremendous explosion in the town, somewhere near the Central Bastion, I should say; the earth and *débris* were thrown to a great height in the air, in form, much like the towers of some great cathedral. The Russians had abandoned the Redan about eleven o'clock last night. Hearing no noise, we sent out a small party to reconnoitre: they heard nothing but the groans of the wounded, and returned; and we took possession of it about one o'clock in the morning.

I heard that the dead were to be buried in the ditch of the Redan, at three in the afternoon—that a party from each regiment of the Second and Light Divisions were to attend—and that no one else would be allowed down.

Having waited so long and so perseveringly for the fall of Sebastopol, I did not like this information; but, having previously overcome so many difficulties, was not going to be beaten at the eleventh hour; so I set off, determined to tax my ingenuity, and get in somehow or other. As I went along I met an officer who also wanted to go in, and we rode together

down the Woronzoff-road, as far as the videttes. They told us we could not pass.

"Never mind," said I. "*Nous verrons*—come with me ; the great point is to turn the enemy's flank !"

We went along the line down the middle ravine, where we passed without difficulty, and went on towards the Mamelon. On the way, we met Frenchmen coming up from the town, bringing 'loot' with them, principally chairs, tables, &c. One of them had some church plate, which he laid out on the bank, and exhibited to passers-by. We passed outside the Mamelon, and went direct to the Malakhoff, the intermediate ground being a network of trenches. There were plenty of dead men lying about, even close to the Mamelon ; also dead horses in numbers ; both belonging chiefly to the French field artillery, who were here in reserve. The ground had been ploughed up with shot. We went up to the Malakhoff among quantities of dead Frenchmen, tied our horses to some gabions, and went in.

On the crest of the glacis were two craters

where mines had been sprung ; one was full of dead French, and the other of Russians ; but the earth was not yet filled in. A great many dead also lay in the ditch, which was deep, but not very wide. The French had bridged the ditch with their scaling ladders covered with planking, thereby affording an excellent passage.

We passed all about the Malakhoff without any hindrance. On the contrary, the French afforded information and facilities for seeing everything ; and the soldiers, as usual, were eager to relate incidents of the fight. Along the curtain, and about the little Redan, the dead lay in great numbers. The red trousers made quite a show ; but there was not time to go there to-day. Nothing remained of the old tower but the base, on the top of which was planted an eagle and tricolour. Beneath the foundations, the Russians had excavated a large cave, with steps leading down to it ; and it was probably a magazine, or the place where the commanding-officer used to reside, and was perfectly safe. There was also a loop-holed casemate in the base of the tower, where

it was said that some Russians had made a prolonged resistance, and, refusing to surrender, had been smoked out.

There were literally heaps of dead in the Malakhoff, both French and Russian, but principally in the rear of it, where the Russians brought up their reserves and tried to re-take it. Here the bodies lay as thick as at the Sandbag Battery at Inkerman. One could not walk straight for them, but had to pick steps, and step in and out, and over them. As for the report that the French had suffered but little, it was nonsense.

The Malakhoff was an extraordinary place—quite a labyrinth of traverses. Our engineers say that the Russians did too much, and made it too strong; and that, being closed in rear, it was as good for the French to defend, when they were in possession, as it had been for the Russians; and no doubt they are right. Guns were peering out of all sorts of curious loopholes, so as to enfilade the ditch; and through one of these we crawled out, and returned to the horses. There was no time to delay, and I rode off, intending to return at another time

and examine everything in detail. The glacis of the work was full of *trous de loup*, and, besides, had been torn up by shells and shot, and was most difficult ground to cross. We passed through the curtain and round the rear face of the Malakhoff into the Karabelnaia; the ground everywhere strewed with horses and men. My pony did not mind the men in the least, but he had a great aversion to approaching a dead horse.

We rode along by the Dockyard Creek, under the hill of the Redan. Near the Creek Battery we got among a lot of English sentries, who would neither let us return nor pass into the Redan. In fact, our piquets, in obeying their stupid instructions, gave dissatisfaction to all, the French as well as ourselves. Accordingly, I proposed to my companion that we should go into the town, and see the Redan on our return. On both sides of the creek was a gun-wharf, covered with rows of large guns and immense piles of shot. We used to wonder where the Russians got all their guns and shot from, and to say that they must be getting hard up for ammunition, and to speculate

whether they had any foundry where they could re-cast our shot. Now, it was plain enough that they had stores to last them for some time longer.

[The Russians are excellent at collecting stores and *matériel* of war. In every place where they have had military establishments, which have fallen into our hands, the accumulation of warlike stores has been enormous and incredible to those who have not seen it. Witness Kertch, Anapa, Sebastopol, and, subsequently, Kinburn.]

The Russians had fired and scuttled their ships during the night, and they were still burning and sinking. One of the largest—I think, the *Twelve Apostles*—was lying on her beam-ends just off Fort Paul. The steamers were not yet destroyed, and were lying close under the north shore of the harbour. A battery placed near Fort Paul would soon make short work of them. We rode into the town by the road which runs along the edge of the cliff above the Dockyard Creek. There were plenty of ‘looters’ both going in and coming out; but their plunder appeared to be little

else than rubbish. The men I saw were chiefly French and English soldiers who had straggled from camp, and plenty of sailors.

The streets were full of barricades pierced with embrasures; and guns, chiefly carronades, mounted on all of them. The town had been terribly crushed by our shot and shell—traces of them very visible everywhere.

There was not a house that was not more or less damaged, and the shells had torn up the streets in many places. The Russians had succumbed to our vertical fire more than to anything else. We first went down the large street leading to Fort Nicholas, the one nearest to the dockyard harbour. The houses were burning fiercely on both sides; the glass windows were crackling and falling at our feet; and beams of blazing timber were lying in the streets, and caused great alarm to the horses. The scene reminded me of Kertch: the smoke, too, was thick, and painful to the eyes. There was a large house—I think it must have been the Admiralty—on the right hand side: men were busy pillaging it. Close by was a tower, apparently used as a lighthouse, on which was

a clock, bearing the name of the maker—‘Barraud, London.’ A little further on was the church, with the green cupola which was so conspicuous an object from our trenches. The bells were hung under a small detached shed; and French soldiers were tolling them with all their might and great glee, making a deafening noise. How well I knew the sound of them, though under far different circumstances; and the morning of the 5th of November immediately recurred to my recollection. The French were delighted—would call our attention to them—and toll away harder than ever. Every one who passed seemed to think it necessary to practice bell-ringing, and the row was unceasing.

We went on towards Fort Nicholas, and had just got opposite to Fort Paul—which was on the other side of the creek—apparently deserted, and sound. Suddenly we heard a tremendous crash; the ground and the air shook, and our horses jumped with alarm. People looked at each other in blank dismay, thinking the place was going bodily into the air. We saw a vast cloud of earth and smoke

where Fort Paul used to be, and then discovered that it had been '*sauté*,' and we looked out anxiously for falling beams and stones; but needlessly so, for none came near us. It was long before the cloud cleared off sufficiently for us to see. When it did, all that remained of the fort was a shapeless mass of *débris*, stones, and timber.

My companion looked as if he wished to go back, no doubt thinking of his *placens uxor*, who was at Balaklava, and would, no doubt, be uneasy at his absence. As the smoke was so thick that I could hardly see, and we might have got nearer another explosion, I consented. Indeed, while the town was burning, there was very little to be seen; and it was a very dangerous place to remain in.

The French soldiers were very jolly and inclined to fraternize. The *entente cordiale* was perfect. A *sous officier* presented me with a Russian book he held in his hand, and which I asked him to let me look at. Others gave me wine to drink, which they had found in some of the houses. I tasted it, but it was thin, sour stuff.

The French were dragging Russians out of cellars and other hiding-places, and marching them off as prisoners. No doubt most of them had been left behind for the purpose of blowing up magazines and keeping the fires going. Just before Fort Paul was blown up, four men were seen to leave it, get into a boat and pull across the harbour. They were in so great a hurry that they could not keep stroke. At the time no one thought anything of it, but no doubt they remained behind for the purpose of firing the magazine. The Russians had made the galleries, &c., for the mines, for the purpose of blowing up Fort Nicholas ; but had not time to charge them. They, however, set it on fire and succeeded in burning the guard-house, floors, and traversing platforms.

Indeed, it is wonderful how they managed to do so much in so short a time. No doubt they had for some time meditated abandoning the South side, and the bridge of boats had been built to facilitate their departure ; but they had not expected to have been obliged to quit at such short notice. They could not have commenced their retreat before dusk last

evening, and by six this morning they were clear out of the South side, which was a mass of flames. They had blown up their principal magazines, and carried away all that was valuable and portable, leaving nothing behind, except lots of dead and wounded, heaps of clothes, and a horridly offensive smell. Of course I do not take guns, shot, and such heavy stores into consideration, for it would have been impossible for them to have removed such heavy articles in so short a time.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REDAN.

SAILORS and Zouaves were going about the town wearing helmets and women's bonnets, which they had found in the place, and most grotesque figures they made.

I went to the building with columns and steps like the Temple of Theseus, at Athens ; we used to call it the club or library, but it was, in reality, the church of Peter and Paul. Everything had been cleared from the inside ; and shells had fallen through the roof and much damaged it. Here I bought a Russian officer's sword and sword knot from an English

soldier, for five shillings. Several people told me I should not be able to get it up to camp, for the pickets would sieze it. *Nous verrons*, was my answer. I tied my handkerchief round my waist as a belt, hooked the sword on to it, and got it home without interruption. The soldier made a good thing of it, for no one could deprive him of the five shillings, but he would have inevitably lost the sword.

At the head of the Dockyard Creek was the battery of the Peresype, most beautifully constructed. The guns were all protected by thick mantlets of rope, proof against rifle-bullets, even at a short range. In various parts of the battery, the Russians had put up oratories, pictures of saints, &c. Their expense magazines were still full of powder, and filled cartridges were lying all about the road. A spark of a pipe might have sent both battery and many men into the air together. There were many sailors and soldiers—all English—sitting in the battery, and mourning over the 'loot' they were not allowed to carry away. All our men were stopped by the pickets, and deprived of any plunder they had got, while

the French were allowed to pass free, carrying off whatever they liked. I saw little or nothing of any intrinsic value. Whatever our men had—no matter what rubbish, such as a kitten in a bird-cage, an old fiddle, a tattered flag, an old musket, stools, chairs, frying-pans, &c.—they were compelled to put them down. It was very absurd, and gave rise to much murmuring and discontent. Our men complained greatly. "It is very hard," said they, "that after fighting here all winter and summer, we may not carry away such rubbish as this, while the French take away what they like, and make money by selling it about the camp.

We went up from the Peresype to the Barrack Battery, and so on to the right flank of the Redan, leading the horses up the steep side of the ravine. We came out in rear of pickets, cavalry videttes, and all interruptions. I succeeded in turning their flanks most effectually, and my companion was surprised at my perseverance and nearly invariable success. We got up to the Redan just as the dead had been laid in the ditch, in front

of the salient angle, and the earth was being shovelled over them. I should have wished to have been there a little sooner, but it could not be avoided. For if I see a battle-field fresh, I can pretty well tell how the battle has been.

It does not speak well for us, that I could go over the French part without any hindrance, while I had to dodge the sentries to see over our part.

There was a heap of plunder in front of the Redan, which had been taken from various people who had been in the town, and a sentry was placed over it. This heap increased by day, and decreased by night, and, finally, disappeared altogether, and those reaped who had not sowed! The feeling of being able to walk in security on the open ground between the Redan and our trenches, was strange, for forty-eight hours ago it would have been certain death to have shown one's head.

I went over the interior of the Redan and Barrack Battery with an officer of engineers. The abattis had been completely smashed by our shot, and had offered but little opposition.

to the storming-party. The open space inside had been ploughed up and torn by our shells. Gabions and fascines had been cut up into chips by them, and the ground was a rugged surface of stones, shot, shell-splinters, lumps of earth, and pieces of wood. There were bomb-proof chambers, as in the Malakhoff, under the salient angle, under the traverses, and any other available spots. They were made of strong beams, masts of ships, and even the trunks of large trees, and covered over with earth, five or six feet deep. The hut of the admiral or officer in command of this section of the works, was a most ingenious structure. It was made as above mentioned, and consisted of a kitchen and two small rooms. Outside, was a sort of verandah, the roof of which was perfectly shell-proof, where he could sit and smoke and survey the whole of the harbour and the Karabelnaia. There were traces of many shells which had fallen on the roof of his domicile, without doing any injury, save displacing some of the earth, which could easily be replaced.

[A photograph of this residence may be seen at Mr. Kilburn's collection in Regent-street,

which also contains many other admirable views of the Russian batteries, and the interior of Sebastopol. While on the subject of views, I cannot do otherwise than speak most highly of Mr. Simpson's sketches, which, in accuracy, are only second to photographs, and give beautiful representations of the chief events and scenes of the war.]

The works were still full of unexplored magazines and suspected mines; gabions were burning at all points, so it was not a particularly safe place. We went into the Barrack Battery and all the works near. Dead Russians were lying in out-of-the-way corners, as yet undiscovered or unnoticed by the burying parties. From the narrow places in which they were lying, it appeared as if they had been wounded, and crawled in for shelter, and to die.

The constant recurrence of such sights greatly hardens one's feelings—I must have seen three or four thousand dead men to-day, and I do not mind it in the least. A year ago I should have been horrified; now, if one sees anything unusually disgusting, one merely spits, or says, "What a horrid smell."

The Russians had brought up the iron water-tanks from their ships, and used them for the same purposes in the batteries, and those which had been injured by shot, they filled with earth and used as gabions. While riding about in the Barrack Battery, we started a quail among the ruins of guns, platforms, and magazines.

The union-jack was flying on the salient angle of the Redan, and the tri-colour was planted on the Malakhoff, Flagstaff Bastion, and other works in the possession of the French.

Every Frenchman appeared to be in great spirits. We were rather the reverse; for although Sebastopol was taken at last, and—wonderful reality—there were no more trenches to defend, still our failure was disgusting, and it was a great triumph for the French. They had been victorious—we had not. Certainly they had failed both at the Central Bastion and the Little Redan; but their main attack had been successful, and one great victory neutralizes all little reverses. I must say that we richly deserved our repulse at the Redan; and I hope it may be a good lesson to

us for the future. After the first repulse of the French from the Mamelon, and their other failures, some of our officers used to go about the camp and speak slightly of them, saying that they were not equal to the Russians on the plain, and hardly better than the Turks, and that if they fought no better in the Peninsula than they did then, our victories were easily gained. Now, however, the French turned the tables upon us, and the same derisive feeling was current among the soldiers, although, perhaps, not so openly expressed.

There is no doubt but that our failure on this occasion has been the cause of our losing a vast deal of *prestige* in the East, while the French have gained thereby. In England, people do not realize or understand the importance of this. They do not consider the weight such matters have among a lot of illiterate and ignorant people, as the Turks and other inhabitants of those countries are, who do not reason with themselves, or see the matter in the same light that we do. We know the real cause of our failure ; while the Easterns take a superficial view of the case,

and attribute it to our being an inferior nation both to the French and to the Russians. People who have not lived in the East have no idea of the *value* of *prestige* in that country—far more so than in other more enlightened parts of the world, where people can take a wider view of things than what may first appear. News travels rapidly by word of mouth, and there is not a peasant between Scutari and Erzeroum, Stamboul and Belgrade, who does not think that the French defeated the Moscov, and that the Moscov defeated the English ; consequently, he values the three nations according to this scale.

Many persons in England may say, “ Who cares what they think ? ” Perhaps it may not matter to an agricultural squire, or to ladies who believe in nothing but fashionable society, what they do think ; for these respected citizens may have few ideas or cares beyond their own turnip-fields, or their parties. But it matters very much to those who may have any political or commercial transactions with Orientals, either at the present or at any future time.

I went home to camp through the trenches.

The line of Cavalry videttes were still out, and took any 'loot' from persons passing out. I do not know what became of it, but I heard that it found its way to Balaklava.

When I arrived in camp, several of my friends were surprised at hearing how I had managed to make my way about without a pass, and to see so much in spite of so many obstacles.

It appears that it is still expected that the Russians will attack our position on the Tchernaya, but I do not think it is probable.

There was another heavy explosion in the evening, somewhere on the left of the town, near the sea. Explosions were frequent during the night, and the sky was lit up with the bright glare from the burning town.

I have at last succeeded in fulfilling my often-expressed vow, that I would walk about in and plunder Sebastopol. Often have I looked at it and doubted—not that it would be taken, but that I should be there to see. I have accomplished my wishes through perseverance. Hundreds of amateurs have been out here, for longer or shorter periods; but

none have remained out so long, lived so long in camp, or seen half as much as I have. I do not call newspaper correspondents or artists, amateurs, for they are paid for their work and for the discomforts they undergo; and I would have seen *everything*, if I had had any pecuniary object in so doing.

Neither have I ever received any assistance or countenance from the military authorities; on the contrary, I have had to contend with prejudice and incivility, but I have overcome all obstacles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KARABELSAIA.

September 10th.—THE Deputy Provost Marshals were stopped yesterday from going into the town by a picket. Young officers get orders and act up to the letter, instead of considering the spirit of them. Fancy the troops stopping the police!

In the morning there was another explosion. Some French troops were blown up, but the number was greatly exaggerated.

I went about the camp to visit some of my friends who had been wounded. One of these is Major Hibbert, of the Royal Fusiliers, who was struck on the head by a musket-ball on the 8th. He has served with his regiment during the whole campaign, has not missed a

single fight of consequence, and has done constant duty in the trenches. He is second to none in gallantry and services during the siege, and is one of the REAL heroes of the war. I lay stress upon the word "real," because I have, since my return, seen some going about and passing themselves off as "heroes," who have not the least claim to so honourable a designation.

I went down by the Victoria redoubt and the old five-gun battery, towards the Mamelon. On the way, I came again across the line of cavalry, who appear to have been brought up from Balaklava to perform this duty, for no other purpose except annoyance to themselves and others. I had no difficulty in passing, for my old 'pass for the trenches' was available. Had it not been, I could easily have turned their flank, and gone down the ravine. I passed by the Mamelon to the Little Redan. The French were very busy burying the dead, and the bodies were laid in parallel rows, ready for interment. The arrangement of so many red pantaloons had a picturesque and theatrical effect. They were not all in

one place, but were collected at various points where the greatest slaughter had been. The French had pushed their works very close up to the Little Redan, and the curtain connecting it with the Malakhoff. The fight here had been tremendous, and the loss of life was probably greater than at any other point. The ground was strewed with bodies, clothing, accoutrements, and broken weapons. The distance between the works was not much. Just outside the French advanced trench lay the body of a Russian who must have been killed some time ago, for it was withered and dried by the sun, and looked like a mummy ; and in consequence of the closeness of the works neither party had been able to bury it. The interior of the Little Redan looked like the crater of a volcano ; for a mine had been sprung, and had blown up both Russians and French together. The crater was full of dead, chiefly Russians ; and there was a road round, like a rim to a plate. Guns, gun-carriages, and bodies were lying about, having been thrown up and upset by the explosion, and numbers of bodies were smothered in earth,


sticks, and broken gabions. Here and there a leg or an arm, appearing above the surface, showed that a body was concealed beneath. They would all have to be disinterred and buried properly.

From here I went again into the Malakhoff. There were bomb-proofs under all the casemates, as in the Redan. They were of various sizes. Some would hold many men, and some only a few; and they often contained sleeping-places fixed one above another, like berths in a ship. They were absolutely necessary for the defenders; for no men could have long existed if they had been exposed to our vertical fire. Hardly a spot was to be seen which did not show traces of shells having fallen. The Russians must have had great command of labour to have got up such immense masts and trunks of trees. It was evident that the Malakhoff is the crowning work and citadel of the place; and that, once taken, the Russians could not remain in the south side. From the town it appears at once to be the commanding eminence, and one looks up to it from all sides. The descent from the Redan

to the Karabelnaia is steep ; but it is not near so commanding a position as the Malakhoff.

A white flag was flying on the Malakhoff ; and the Russians showed one also on the north side of the harbour. The French were burying the dead in the ditch at the rear of the works. One corpse was a most horrid and disgusting object, even among so many horrors. Apparently, a shell must have burst close under the man, or he must have been killed by the explosion of a mine, for the body was in fragments. The intestines were lying about like long pieces of rope ; and it was necessary to use sticks to fork the mangled remains on to a stretcher, to convey them to the grave. The Russian steamers were lying under cover of a battery on the north side ; but only one of them had the flag with St. Andrew's cross hoisted.

From the Malakhoff, I went into the Gervais Battery, where so many French had been killed on the 18th of June. The works remained just as the Russians had left them. Single bodies were lying about in the batteries and casemates, and many days would elapse



before all would be found and buried. To go into the Karabelnaia, I went in front of the salient angle of the Malakhoff, and through the French trenches, between it and the Mamelon, and there saw another spectacle, only to be met with on such a stage as this. A shell had fallen on a grave where some Russians had, some time ago, been buried—probably men who had been killed in some sortie or other. The explosion of the shell beneath the surface had completely disinterred them, and there they lay, half-decomposed, and still in their long great coats, a most disgusting sight.

I went first into the large barracks in the Karabelnaia. They had been much damaged; for the shot, which had passed *over* the Redan, were sure to strike some part of them. Now they are occupied by our pickets. They are handsome stone buildings, and were full of stores of army clothing, &c., which were soon pillaged, and the contents kicked out into the yard. Helmets were lying about in hundreds; most of them quite new. Just below the barracks were the dry docks, in one of which

a steamer was burning. The aqueduct, leading from Tchorgoun to the docks, had been cut by us on our first arrival. Beyond the docks were the large shears, which could be seen so plainly from our trenches and the camp. Near the shears were the foundations of other barracks, apparently only commenced just before the beginning of the siege.

Old clothes, knapsacks, forage-caps, new coatees, and regimental clothing of all sorts, were lying about in heaps. It appeared as if the Russians previous to their evacuating the place, had thrown down all superfluous clothing and baggage, to lighten and quicken their march. Sebastopol at this time, was a fine field for the exertion of Jewish old-clothes-men, who might have made a good thing of it. The laced jackets of the Russian drummers, would make the fortunes of many a crossing-sweeper in London.

There were many dead horses lying about even down here ; and there were also cattle, which had been recently killed and cut up for the Russian troops, and which the French were turning to some account.

Apparently, there was not a spot that had not been well searched by our shells, and the Russians must have had hard work to find shelter from our vertical fire, for they had availed themselves of every hole or projecting roof which could have afforded them any protection. This was evident from so many of these places showing manifest signs of having been used as human habitations.

There were numbers of officers in the town to-day, also men, some of whom were carrying off plunder, such as it was; but they would be deprived by the pickets of whatever they might have, if they were not sharp at smuggling.

Why should they not take it? Never before were there such orderly plunderers in a town taken by storm, or so little to plunder. There were no excesses committed. All fraternized and were in the best humour.

Articles of furniture, such as tables, chairs, frying-pans, &c., were of no intrinsic value; they were of great use to the people living in camp, and to no one else. If sold to create a prize fund, as somebody's wisdom suggested,

they would realize nothing of consequence ; and if left in the town would soon be destroyed. Naturally, our soldiers were angry at the distinction drawn, that the French might plunder and they might not.

There was a story current, that a sailor went about the camp with some gold lace for sale. Some one said to him, "What is the use of that, Jack? no one will buy it." "No use," said the sailor, "You put some round your cap, and stripes of it down your legs, and you may go into the town and plunder as much as you like!" All who have been in camp will understand what he meant. I dare not offer any explanation to others, for fear of being misunderstood and considered libellous, which I have no wish to be.

An officer of some rank was one day talking of how persons returning to camp, were deprived of their loot by the pickets—and he mentioned a case of an officer who had found, what he said, was a great prize—"Pickwick" translated into Russian. He went on to tell how he had fared no better than the rest—"Poor fellow," said he, "he was unable to pass

it, and was obliged to put it down on the heap," then he unconsciously added, "*I have it now!*"

Those people got the plunder who have the least right to it. The transports in Balaklava harbour were full of it. I know of an officer, who saw some trophies in a hut where he least expected to have found anything of the sort, and asked the possessor how he managed to get them in spite of such strict orders. "Pray do not ask me too many questions on that subject," was all the answer he got.

The navvies and merchant-seamen from Balaklava used to go into the town after the cavalry videttes were withdrawn in the evening, and were out again with their plunder before they were posted again in the morning. The soldiers being confined closely to their camps, and under strict discipline, had not these facilities, and were unable to reap benefit from the plunder, for everything was done to prevent them. The unfairness consisted in the distinction shown between our men and the French. The latter were going about the camp, up to the time I left the

Crimea, selling chairs, tables, and all sorts of furniture, rifles, crosses, muskets, and a variety of articles; and made much money thereby.

Pelissier never could have sanctioned such an illiberal proceeding, so it cannot be brought forward as an excuse, that it was done in order to keep on good terms with the French.

The following is part of the order of the day :

“ No. 1. The police of the interior of the town of Sebastopol has been undertaken by the French authorities for the present. All persons whatever, except bodies of troops on duty, and officers on duty provided with passes from English or French head-quarters, are positively forbidden to enter the town.

“ Regimental pickets are not to be sent in without authority from head-quarters. Military posts are established near the town, with orders to apprehend all stragglers, and send them to the provost-marshal's guard, in front of the Fourth Division. No persons, military or civil, except those on duty, are to be permitted to enter the trenches, without passes from head-quarters.”

Now, this order is not worth the paper it is written upon. It is perfectly ineffectual for the purposes for which it is intended, and will only act as a stop upon those persons who

could do no harm by going into the town. It will impede officers, artists, and others ; but merchant-seamen, navvies, and that class of people, will not know of nor mind it, and, by going in at night, completely set it aside. I consider such an order to be very unfair to the officers of the army, who are naturally anxious to go and see the interior of a place while it is fresh, and in the same state in which the Russians left it. When on my way back to camp I met an officer commanding a regiment, who was surprised when I told him where I had been. He said he was most anxious to go in, but did not know that it was possible to do so.

Nevertheless, some stragglers — perhaps thirty in number—were caught in the town, and sent to the Provost Marshal's guard, as directed in the general order. They were principally navvies and merchant-seamen. The Provost Marshal, Captain Carmichael of the 95th regiment—an officer who has been constantly present with the army since its departure from England, and whose gentleness of manner is immediately noticeable, did not know

what to do with them. He could not flog or punish all, yet circumstances compelled him to make an example of some one, and he did not know whom to select—for, in the absence of evidence, all were equally guilty or innocent. The men were paraded before him in front of the guard-tent, and he was puzzled what he should do, when fortunately the indiscretion of one, who no doubt thought to escape, relieved him from his dilemma. This man stepped out from the rank, and said, with an impertinent air, "I ain't a Britisher; I am a free-born American." "Then," said the worthy Provost Marshal, "I will flog *you*!" The man was no more a Yankee than I am; he merely made it a pretext to get off, but was deceived. However, I believe his punishment was more nominal than real. In a case like this, a Provost Marshal is often placed in a most unpleasant position; for his duty requires him to punish men, whom he knows have done no more than what many in higher positions do constantly with impunity.

I went down along the quay, in the direction where Fort Paul had been. The

buildings near the fort had been partly or wholly burnt. Some of them were used by the Russians as hospitals, and others as store-houses. Many of the latter contained regimental stores, such as helmets, clothing, muskets, entrenching tools, and the bolsters of bread-crumbs, previously mentioned in the account of the battle of Inkerman.

Those used as hospitals were full of Russian dead and wounded, which had only been lately discovered. I went in, and of all the horrible sights I have seen—and I have seen a good many—this was by far the worst.

The rooms were much alike, and a description of one will do for the whole.

The first I entered was a perfect charnel house, and chamber of horrors, words cannot adequately describe it. Inside the doorway lay a corpse, over which it was necessary to step in order to enter. There were dead and living together, but by far a greater number of the former. They were ranged in rows up and down the room, and the stench was great. Perhaps, a man just alive would be with corpses on each side of him. Some of them had evidently died

in great pain, and the contortions of their bodies remained after death. Others had struggled from their beds or, rather, couches, and had died on the floor, which was covered with pools of blood, both fresh and dried. Many of the bodies were quite naked, and swollen. The limbs had not unfrequently been smashed, and the wounds were of a bright-green colour.

Some had died in the act of trying to reach the water, and remained with their arms extended. One, in particular, had crawled out of his couch to the water-butt, and had died while leaning over to drink, and his body remained in the same attitude.

The living were still more horrible. All had been without food or drink since the Russians had left; and some, though unable to speak, raised their hands to their lips, signifying their wants. Many were too weak even to do this, and looked at us with a dull, glassy stare, groaning and gurgling through blood which frothed and bubbled at their lips. Every exertion was made to get some water for them, but it was scarce and distant. Am-

bulances were in waiting to convey them to camp ; but their removal was counter-ordered, as the Russians were to send over a steamer, under a flag of truce, to convey them to the north side, which was done. I was unable to stay long enough to see her, but was told that the steamer sent was the *Vladimir* ; and that her captain, while talking to some of our officers, said that, although Sebastopol was taken, we were by no means to expect that Russia would make peace ; and in this I think he was candid.

Some of the Russian sailors attempted to carry off muskets and bread from the store-houses, but were prevented by our police-sergeants, for we had no military guard present. I remained a considerable time in these hospitals ; for I felt a horrid sort of fascination, and was unwilling to leave. English soldiers, both dead and wounded, were found here, but they had been removed before I arrived. It was said that the bodies of two or three hundred Russian officers were discovered in one room.

Captain Vaughan, of the 90th regiment,

was found in one of these places. He was delirious at the time, and would speak nothing but French. He was taken up to camp, and there died ; but previous to his death became coherent, and said that he was wounded and taken prisoner inside the Redan. At first he was ill-treated by the Russian soldiers, and the officers took no notice of him, until he discovered one of them to be a brother Freemason. This officer immediately gave him nourishment, and sent him down to the hospital on a stretcher carried by two bearers—apologising for not giving more, by saying that there was a strict order that no greater number should be allowed for any one, even for their own officers.

After he arrived at the hospital, he was deprived of his uniform ; and from the time the Russians evacuated the town, up to the time he was brought to camp, he, in common with the rest, received no nourishment ; for the Russians left no one to attend to the wounded they were unable to remove.

He said that the French were the first to

enter after the Russians had left; that he spoke to them and told them who he was; but they took no notice either of him or the wounded of their own nation, who were also in the hospital.

I cannot vouch for the accuracy of all the details of this story, as I heard them second-hand; but, as several persons agreed in their account, I imagine it to be very near the truth.

CHAPTER XIX.

SEBASTOPOL.

September 11th.—A REGULAR Crimean wet day. High wind all night, and a dust-storm in the morning, penetrating the tent, and covering everything with a fine powder. Then heavy rain came on, and lasted during the day; and the water poured in torrents down the ravines.

Even up to this time, I do not know who were killed and wounded on the 8th; nor shall I, until the lists come out from England. One might find out by going to the Adjutant-General's office; but no one takes the trouble.

Of course I know what has happened to those with whom I was acquainted. It is those who are strangers to me of whom I am speaking.

Agreeably with the order of yesterday, the French are in possession of the town to-day. '*On ne passe pas*,' is their word; and no one goes by them without a pass.

Their pickets are very consistent in carrying out their orders. Our cavalry sentries were out as usual. There was some firing going on across the harbour—probably at the Russian steamers.

12th.—Cold day and a good deal of wind in the morning, but a great improvement upon yesterday. The Russians burnt all their steamers last night.

It is said that the *Vladimir* had her steam up yesterday ready for a start, and that she would have endeavoured to run out of the harbour and try to get into Odessa or Nicholaieff, only the weather was so bad that escape was impossible. I think all on shore would have been glad to see her get away.

Some guns were got to bear upon her from the south side. They were Russian guns with Russian ammunition, and after she had been hulled a few times, she was deserted by the crew, and was burnt with the rest. Either last night or the night before, one steamer came over to reconnoitre, and anchored near Fort Paul. Some officers, who were there on picket-duty, saw her, and heard the chain-cable rattle out of the hawse holes, and lay close expecting that she was going to fire into them. The Russians fired shells into the town to-day, killed the horse of an officer of the Rifle Brigade, and broke a man's thigh.

Five officers and twenty men per regiment are to be daily admitted into the town with passes, but they are only *good* for the Karabelnaia, or English quarter. The French, however, will admit the bearers into the other part of the town.

13th.—Agreeably to order I got a pass to-day, and went to the town. I rode down along the middle picket ravine, which enters the Karabelnaia near the docks, between the Malakhoff and Redan. The bodies of some

French soldiers were still lying high up the ravine, even above the Mamelon. The quantity of cannon-balls lying about everywhere is astonishing.

At the bottom of the ravine is a cemetery, used by the Russians previous to the commencement of the siege. There were some dead Russians lying in the battery which commanded it; and on our way down to the dockyard buildings, we met cart and waggon-loads of corpses being brought away for interment. Upon close search being made, many dead—perhaps five hundred in number—had been found in these buildings, and in the vaults beneath. The reason of their being there was, that the Russians used to bury their dead on the north side, and these bodies had been placed here ready to be embarked in vessels for conveyance across; but, having to ‘quit’ in so great a hurry, of course left behind them anything so cumbrous and useless as dead men.

When I got down, the quay was covered with corpses, which fatigue parties were bringing from inside, and laying in rows,

ready to be carted away. A great number were found in a vault under one of the burnt buildings, near Fort Paul, and soldiers employed in removing them told me they were lying inside three and four deep.

I have no doubt that many wounded perished, and corpses were consumed in the conflagration of these buildings. The sight the quay afforded was quite as disgusting as any I have yet seen. The bodies were all, more or less, naked, as they had now been there for five days at least, and were in an advanced stage of putrefaction. Some were green, some black, and all were frightfully swollen, and their features were indistinguishable. Many had been much lacerated by shot. The stench was, of course, sickening. I can stand a good deal, but this was too much for me, and I was obliged to go away. The town was full of sight-seers to-day, and all who visited this part saw these horrors I have described. I saw one lady riding along the quay, and she must have seen it all !

I went on to the ruins of Fort Paul, and rode some way along the edge of the har-

bour. The Russians were busily working on the north side, throwing up earthworks, and removing stores from the water side further inland. Their numbers and industry reminded one of a colony of ants. The air was clear, and the distance across so short, that I could see them plainly with the naked eye.

We then passed round the Dockyard Harbour into Sebastopol Proper, now occupied by the French. The whole of the Karabelnaia smelt so offensively that I was glad to leave it—not that I found the rest of the town much sweeter, for there was a peculiarly offensive smell wherever Russian soldiers had been in the habit of living.

On arriving at the first French picket, they made a great form of looking at our passes, which were written in English, so they could not tell whether they were right or wrong; however, they looked very wise, took it for granted that all was right, and let us pass; and after that we had no more trouble, for although pickets were posted at regular intervals all over the town, they did not interfere with us.

Nearly every house was burned and gutted, and all had been plundered long ago. It had been a fine and well-built town, containing handsome houses of some architectural pretensions; and I have no doubt but that Mr. Laurence Oliphant was right in saying, that it was the best built and handsomest Russian town he had seen, next to St. Petersburg. I went down to Fort Nicholas. The stonework was still sound, but the Russians had burnt all the woodwork and traversing platform. Between the embrasures were furnaces for heating shot.

At one end of the fort was a guard-house, where General Osten Sacken used to live, but it was burnt with the rest. The French were laying mortars in rear, and under cover, of the fort, to shell the north side; and they commenced firing while I was there, to the great consternation of many, who expected the fire would shortly be returned by the Russians.

Just behind the fort, on an elevated piece of ground, were some gardens, containing a summer house and a monument to some

Russian officer. It had been a favourite promenade for the inhabitants during the early part of the siege—for they could see our ships lying off the harbour—their own works and our trenches, which latter were so distant that they could not have occasioned them any great alarm, for few shot ever came so far. When, however, we began to shell the town with mortars the case was altered, and no place was then secure from our fire.

The harbour of Sebastopol is certainly a very fine one. It now looks deserted, the surface unrelieved by anything save the mast-heads of the sunken ships. After the Russians had retreated to the north side, their steamers came and towed away the bridge of boats.

On the shore, near the western end of Fort Nicholas, lay a number of dead Russians ready for interment, in a grave which the French had dug close by. I went on towards Fort Alexander and the open ground between the loopholed wall and the Quarantine Fort. Everywhere the town was burnt; but I have no doubt, any stores remaining in the vaults and cellars were still unconsumed or unin-

jured. From the sea defences I rode past the crenellated wall, to the cemetery and church at the head of Quarantine Bay. The French works had been pushed very close here, and had been the scene of constant hard fighting. The church was much damaged, the wall enclosing the cemetery was knocked down in places by round shot, and all parts were thickly scarred by rifle balls. The batteries of the contending parties had frequently been erected on the sites of ruined houses, the materials of which had been used in their construction. I returned home through the French trenches.

14th.—This is the anniversary of the landing of the Allied troops in the Crimea. The report now is, that an attack is expected at Eupatoria, and that troops are to be sent there. The Engineers have orders to blow up the docks ; and the officer charged with the execution of the duty, tells me that it will take two months at least to sink the galleries for the mines. Many in camp talk as if all preparations for blowing them up could be made and carried into effect in the course of a few days.

15th.—To-day I accompanied an officer of

Engineers over the whole of the defensive works of the town of Sebastopol, from the Flagstaff Bastion to the sea. He was sent down to test the accuracy of a map made by a Polish officer, who had deserted to us from the Tchernaya-lines some time ago, and had since been kept at head-quarters, and employed in various ways by the Engineer department.

On close comparison, his map proved to be most accurate.

We went down the ravine between the French trenches and our Left Attack. It is, probably, the most winding of all, and, like all the rest, is paved with shot throughout its whole length. We entered the town by the Peresype, and having a French pass, went on without interruption.


The French troops in the town have their vivandieres with them, and very useful they are in such hot weather, for there are no means of getting anything to drink, without having recourse to them, which I was glad to do more than once. There was little variety in their stock of liquors—water, cognac,

absinthe, and rum, being the only sorts they had. Under the circumstances, no one is particular, but rather well-satisfied at being able to get anything at all.

The commission to regulate the division of booty between the allied armies will in future sit in a house with a green roof, situated in the highest part of the town. I believe they hold their first meeting to-day, at the quarters of General Niel, the chief of the French Engineers.

We proceeded to go round all the defences, and went first to the Town Batteries, constructed on an elevated spot in the interior of the town, in rear of the Flagstaff Battery, so as to fire over it. Here, as in the other batteries, the magazine had been blown up by the Russians previous to their departure, and the guns were lying upset in all directions.

We next went to the Flagstaff Bastion, passing the theatre on the way. This had been a handsome structure, built on an open space near the last-named battery, but had long been in ruins; for, being a conspicuous object, it was well riddled when our batteries



first opened on the 17th of October. The Flagstaff Bastion was decidedly the largest and strongest of all the Russian works at this part. It was not a safe place to remain in, for gabions were burning in close proximity to some of the unexploded magazines, and French soldiers, who were at work not far off, repeatedly warned us of the danger. Between the Flagstaff Bastion and the Central Bastion is a ravine, with sloping sides, covered with vineyards. Through this ravine, the road from Balaklava used to enter Sebastopol, and is, no doubt, the way by which Mr. Oliphant approached the town. As the ravine is deep, it is unlikely that he would have been able to see any works which might have existed on the elevated heights on both sides, and, not being a military man, he might not have looked for them.

The Central Bastion is one of the points where the French were repulsed on the 8th. I should say the ditch is the deepest of any of the works I have seen. The Russian works were all strong, and well-defended by plenty of men, with an enormous depôt of warlike

stores behind them—probably the largest in the world, equal to Portsmouth and Woolwich together. Therefore, they were never at a loss for anything; for any supplies could be obtained either from the arsenal or the fleet.

I believe that the sailors were about the best of the defenders of Sebastopol.

We used to wonder how the Russians managed to coal their steamers. As soon as we got into the town, we could see thousands of tons of coals stowed away in the valleys and inlets on the north side of the roadstead. This coal was anthracite, made little or no smoke, and contributed greatly to conceal the movements of their steamers during the siege.

But I have no doubt, that, before the war, the Russians in Odessa and other places in the Black Sea were well supplied with English coal, by ships which went for grain, and took coals out as ballast.

In the Central Bastion were the remains of the French Round Tower, as it was called by us to distinguish it from the other or the Malakhoff Tower. Now it is nothing but a heap of large stones. Here I bought, from a French

artilleryman, a Russian medal, struck for the campaign of 1849, in Hungary and Transylvania, giving him a few francs for it.

Medals and decorations are scarce and in great request, and those who have them will seldom part with them. Many medals were found in the knapsacks which the Russian soldiers left behind them, having in their hurry forgotten to take them out. The most valuable Russian medals I have seen were found in houses at Kertch. They were given for the Moscow campaign of 1812, and the Turkish war of 1829, and must have belonged to officers or men of considerable length of service.

From the Central Bastion we went along the loopholed wall, which is lined throughout by hovels, made as habitations for the Russian troops who defended this part.


Now, it appears to me that in those Russian defences against which we had made no approaches, and which were not actively defended, the troops lived on the works, and were not relieved. For all these hovels bore traces of being used as permanent habitations by the same men.

The loopholed wall terminates at Fort Alexander I think (I may be wrong, for I have no map at hand to refer to)—one of the sea-defences, which were, I take it, entirely manned by the sailors ; for the uniforms lying about were all naval ones, with anchors on the buttons.

They must have gone from these batteries in a great hurry, for they were unable to blow up their magazines, which, together with the guns, were all ready for action. Most of these guns were *en barbette*—i.e., pointing *over* the parapet, instead of through embrasures.

The occupiers of these works had left behind them their clothes, firelocks, knapsacks, and no end of regimental necessities ; and their magazines were open. Still, the place had had a narrow escape of being blown up ; for just outside the door of a magazine lay a gun-cartridge, containing, perhaps, ten pounds of powder, the canvass covering of which was partially burned.

From here we went to what, I think, is called the arsenal. Many of the buildings in it had been burned, but there was a large powder



magazine still intact ; and several buildings full of naval stores, such as tomahawks, signal rockets, and a variety of other articles. I took one of the tomahawks away with me, because I knew it would be very useful in our encampment, to cut up wood and other things ; but, when leaving the town, was told by one of our sentries that I could not pass with it ! Accordingly, I went back a short distance, chopped off the handle, and put the axe-head in my pocket ! There was not much to be seen in the arsenal, and the proximity to Fort Constantine was unpleasant. As there were a good many French soldiers about, I was every moment expecting a shell from the north side ; so having seen all the defences, I rode back into the town. The library or reading-room is a fine building, in the highest part of it. It is chiefly built of marble, and there is a flight of marble steps up to the entrance. After riding for some time about the town, I went home through the Redan.

There is great speculation going on as to whether the Russians will evacuate the north side or not. I do not think they will. We

cannot compel them to go, and by staying there they hold our army in check, and prevent us from making use of the harbour, or residing in the town.

[I must beg of my readers not to suppose that I have entered these predictions *after* I found them to have proved correct. I can assure them that all my predictory remarks, with many others not published, but which also have proved true, were noted down on the very days on which they are entered in my journal.]

CHAPTER XX.

LAST DAYS IN CAMP.

16th—*Sunday*.—WET, stormy, and very cold. The Naval Brigade go on board ship to-day and to-morrow. A large party of them left early this morning, and were played some distance out of camp by regimental bands. They displayed plenty of flags, both English and Russian, as they marched along. There was some talk in the evening of troops moving, perhaps to make a reconnaissance.

Had the weather, during the first fortnight of September, last year, been as stormy as it has been this year, the allied expedition could

never have reached the Crimea, for the ships composing it would have been dispersed all over the Black Sea. There is a great deal of talk about the bad weather in the Black Sea, but I very much question whether, taking the whole year round, it is not a great deal worse on the English coast. The Black Sea being wanting in sea-room, and full of currents, and the shores being badly lighted, and deficient in good harbours, is no doubt dangerous for sailing vessels—especially the small coasting craft which frequent it, and which are generally badly found in ground-tackle, and badly navigated; but if these same vessels—so many of which are annually lost—navigated the English Channel, the casualties would be far more numerous.

A return is to be sent to head-quarters of all officers who have served with 'zeal and distinction' during the siege, and, as usual in such cases, gives rise to no end of jealousy and disappointment, not to say favouritism. I shall be curious to see the results of this return if there are any.

He rode over to the Sanatorium near

St. George's Monastery. As might have been expected, one of the large iron-buildings was unroofed during the late gales. I only wonder that, in so exposed a situation, they had not been blown away or into the sea, if the wind had been in the right direction.


From there went to Balaklava. Two regiments are employed as working-parties in ballasting in the railway. Numbers of Tartars, Croats, and others, are employed in breaking stones, to mend, or rather to make, the roads. All seem to have an idea that there will be a move soon. People readily listen to any shave, no matter how absurd.

18th.—Rode to Kamara, then by the Highlanders' camp, and round the Cliff-road to the defences above Balaklava, and then home. The hills beyond Balaklava are covered with forests of dwarf-oak. The plain near the old Turkish redoubts is covered with the tents of French troops, who now talk of attacking the Mackenzie Heights—that is, the soldiers do; but French soldiers are very garrulous. There are all sorts of rumours about moving; everyone seems uneasy, and I cannot help

feeling nervous, although my own judgment tells me that nothing will come off. Having now accomplished my wishes, and *plundered* Sebastopol, I am thinking of returning to England.

19th.—This is the anniversary of the action on the Bulganak—the first meeting of English and Russian troops as enemies. Working parties were sent to-day into the Malakhoff to dig out and remove those guns which had been buried by the explosion of mines and magazines. In doing this, they disinterred many bodies of French and Russians which had been covered in at the same time. The French were firing rockets across the harbour yesterday and to-day.

20th.—Anniversary of the battle of Alma. A number of Crimean medals, which have lately arrived, were given to the troops. I went out to take a long ride. First I went over our Left Attack, and down to the cemetery, taken on the 18th of June. Our batteries are being rapidly disarmed. The ammunition is being brought back to camp, and the works are already falling fast to ruin.



The sandbags are rotten, and the troops take away the gabions for fuel.

From the Left Attack I went into the Redan, and then into the Karabelnaia. The French were firing mortars from behind Fort Nicholas, and rockets from the head of the Dockyard harbour, at the Russian working parties on the north side. From here I went round the rear of the Malakhoff, but had not time to go in. From the works on its left flank, I picked up a Russian forage cap, which had fallen from the head of one of the killed. There were plenty of caps lying about; for here the battle had been fiercely contested, and the slaughter had been great. (I brought away the cap, and afterwards had it made up, and wore it in England as a shooting-cap.) I passed between the Little Redan and the Malakhoff, and went down into the Careening Bay ravine. It came on to rain heavily, and we took shelter in a cave used by the French as an artillery store. The gunners in charge had been shooting some of the small hawks which are so common about the ravines, and had plucked them ready for roasting. French

soldiers are not very particular as to what *gibier* they eat. I have seen two of them walking along, swinging a cat between them, which they intended to convert into a *ragout*; and the other day I met a French artilleryman coming from the harbour along the Inkerman road, carrying two grebes in his hand, and a Russian firelock over his shoulder. He showed them to me; I ventured to express a doubt as to whether they would be good eating, upon which he informed me that they were *poules d'eau* and *bien estimés*. After all they are right, and a good cook makes good food.

Both the French officers and soldiers are great sportsmen in their way. The latter use the Russian firelocks as fowling pieces. It is highly comical to see a French soldier stalking a lark or wheatear, round a heap of rubbish or stones—fire at and miss it—which is very easily done, seeing that his shot is a bullet chopped into small pieces.

A hoopoe is fine game for them—it is such a showy bird. They seem to look upon it with the same reverence that English sports-

men do upon a woodcock, in places where such birds are scarce, and in their ardour for *la chasse*, will follow it a long way across country.

I know an officer who one day saw a French soldier with a gun in his hand crouching behind a wall, near which General Canrobert was passing at the time, and thought that there was some design upon the life of the general. Accordingly he galloped up to the supposed assassin, and reached him just as he had gratified his murderous propensities by the destruction of a lark !

Latterly, flights of quail have arrived in considerable quantities, and are to be found near Balaklava, about the trenches, on the Inkerman Heights, and even between the Mamelon and Malakhoff. The French officers turn out *pour la chasse* in full uniform, with a fowling-piece and two or three dogs.

They get plenty of shooting ; but I cannot say whether they kill much, for I always consider their proximity dangerous ; and, whenever I see a *chasseur*, keep at a respectable distance lest a quail should fly near me, in

which case I should expect to receive a portion of the charge.

There were several pairs of sporting red trousers on the Inkerman Heights to-day, but I took very good care not to go near them.

The quails are numerous even on the hill close to Balaklava, and the shooters are numerous also ; but that something may be done, is shown by the fact, that an officer of engineers killed sixteen brace there one morning. Many others have also had good sport.

At the bottom of the Careening Bay ravine is some ground which has formerly been cultivated, apparently as gardens ; but now it is overgrown with weeds and rubbish. Just at the head of the bay, the aqueduct crosses the valley on a bridge of several arches. Close to the bridge is a cave, which has been evidently occupied during the siege by a strong Russian picket. This spot used to be commanded by the five-gun battery, before it was dismantled ; and it was while passing this ravine that the Russian columns got so cut up by our fire, when on their return from the Inkerman Heights to the town, on the 26th of October last.

From this bridge to the Inkerman Heights, now intersected by the French trenches, was a road, up which the Russians got many of their guns on the 5th of November. My visit to this locality has enabled me to understand the battle of Inkerman thoroughly, and has cleared up in my mind many things which were previously obscure, and has shown to me how our pickets did not sooner detect the advance of the enemy. In fact, I believe they never went anywhere near the pickets until they were prepared to make their first attack; and they could easily keep under cover of the hills until that moment arrived.

This road above-mentioned wore the trace of many a fight. Bits of uniform, old caps, bullets, and pieces of shell were lying about, and graves had been made in the road itself. One in particular was a curious sight. Apparently, its occupant had been merely laid on the road, and some earth had been shovelled over him. The rain had washed away part of this soil, leaving the head exposed. The skull had been picked clean to the bone, and protruded from the grave, while the rest remained

covered. The white skull outside the dark earth had a strange appearance, and I can only liken it to any one in bed, with the head peeping from under the clothes.

I went all over the Inkerman Heights. People can now show themselves there without running any risk of being fired at from the north side. The outposts, however, still amuse themselves by firing at each other. There are now very few French located on these heights.

The head of the harbour commences in an immense reedy marsh, formed by the debouchure of the Tchernaya, and is evidently a great resort for wild fowl.

I quite subscribe to Admiral Bruat's opinion, as expressed in his dispatch of the 18th of August, after the battle of the Tchernaya—that Russia has suffered far more from the siege of Sebastopol being protracted, than she would have done if the fortress had fallen at the commencement of the campaign. It has been a constant drain upon her resources—and the more so, as it is situated at one of the extremities of the empire. Her men and

her wealth have been poured into the Crimea and have been there consumed. The lengthened siege has been to her as a wounded artery which could not be healed.

It appears to me that English people generally take a very partial view of things—we make light of what we ought really to consider as disasters—such as our failure at the Redan for instance, and the *prestige* we have lost by our terrible army-mismanagement. While, on the other hand, we consider that enough has not been done by that service, which has in reality performed all that it was in its power to do. I allude to the navy—we exclaim against them for not having done more in the Baltic. It does not appear to me that they could have done more with the means in their power. They were deficient in gun-boats, for which we must blame the Admiralty—not the navy. No matter how skilful naval officers may be, they can no more take large ships into shoal water than a watchmaker can work with the tools of a blacksmith, or a sportsman shoot snipes with a six-pounder; and as for attacking large forts, especially

earthworks, at long range, with big ships, it would be the act of a madman to do it—nothing but misfortune could follow.

It is the same in the Black Sea. Sir Edmund Lyons is not the man to have neglected any opportunity that offered, and I am convinced that everything that could have been reasonably expected has been done by the fleet under his command ; and since England has become a naval power, never have her sailors excelled in skill and daring the deeds of those who formed our squadron in the Sea of Azoff. In the Black Sea the large ships have never had an opportunity of doing anything. The experience of the 17th of October only proves what I said above about ships attacking forts, where they cannot get close in ; and I think that even the greatest fool alive does not expect them to go overland to attack an army, or to go under a battery and get sunk, without being able to defend themselves.

We make light of the fact that the Russian fleet never dared to come out of Sebastopol harbour, even in the presence of an inferior

force, but preferred to sink at their anchors. Neither do we consider that for two summers our fleet has been within a few miles of St. Petersburg, that the Russian ships have not ventured to come out; and that not even a small boat could creep along shore unmolested.

Let us reverse the position. How should we feel, and what would the world think, if a Russian fleet blockaded the Thames, and not a ship of ours dared to put to sea? Let us put gun-boats and mortar-rafts into the hands of our sailors, and then if they do nothing, it will be time to blame them, and I am very much mistaken if they will not say that they deserve it.

As for the German echo of the Russian story, that Sebastopol is not yet taken, and that the strength of the place is on the north side, it is all 'Barnum.' Certainly, as long as they hold the north forts, they will prevent our using the harbour, and neutralize the services of a large part of our army, and it is of use to them as a strategical position; but the aggressive power of Sebastopol lay in the

south side. The north side is nothing but a fort and earthworks; there is no town, or great accumulation of warlike *matériel* there. The guns, stores, arsenal, dockyard, &c., lay in the south side, and are now in our hands; the Russian ships lie at the bottom of the harbour, and will soon be rotten or worm-eaten. We possess *Sebastopol*, which was the arsenal and fitting-out port—the Woolwich and Portsmouth, combined, of Southern Russia. Nicholaieff is their chief building-yard, and perhaps answers to our Chatham.

CHAPTER XXI.

TO ENGLAND.


September 21st.—To Balaklava. My old friend the *Stromboli* was in the bay, waiting to take the Duke of Newcastle to Eupatoria. I went on board, and while there, the *Royal Albert* and most of our ships came round from Kasatch. The next day they went to Eupatoria, took some French troops, and made a demonstration there. While on board the *Stromboli* I saw some models of rafts, designed by Captain Coles, and intended to float mortars and heavy guns into shallow water. One was to be worked by steam

power. I believe they are highly spoken of by naval men.

The troops are now employed in making roads in all directions about the camp, under the superintendence of the chief of the army works' corps.

23rd.—I went to Balaklava, to see about a passage to Constantinople. I have made up my mind that nothing more will come off this year—at least, nothing worth staying for. [I do not consider that the Kinburn expedition was worth being at any inconvenience to see; for after all I have beheld, it was as much beneath my notice, as it would be going to a 'penny gaff' after having come away from the opera!]

Having dined in Balaklava, I rode home late, in company with the Provost Marshal. Mr. Wright, the principal chaplain, was attacked the other night by some persons, while passing near Mrs. Seacole's, and reported the circumstance to the Adjutant-General. Accordingly, we went the same way, as the Provost Marshal thought it would be a good opportunity to inspect the road by night. We had revolvers ready, but the precaution was needless.




25th.—To-day saw the end of the mounted Staff Corps, who arrived in the Crimea in November last. The remaining horses—twelve in number—were handed over for the use of the police-sergeants, and the men will be sent home. All carts, land transport, &c., are ordered to-day down to the Karabelnaia, to bring up wood and materials for building. Preparations are being made for hutting and wintering here, and I think it is the best place we could select, especially as we cannot occupy the town. Indeed, I do not think the town would be anything like so healthy a situation as that of the camp.

In the afternoon, I finally left the camp—certainly not without regret, for I have passed many happy days there. I shall always look upon it as the most interesting place in the world, from its associations—not the least of which is, that it is the final resting-place of so many friends—and I hope that I may again re-visit it.

In the evening, I left Balaklava, and, after a stormy passage, arrived at Constantinople. I staid there four days, and then sailed in the

Jourdain, French mail-steamer, for Marseilles.

The voyage was like most sea-voyages—a mixture of good and bad weather. Nearly everyone knows the places we touched at, so of them I say nothing. The passengers consisted chiefly of French and English officers. One of the former was an old colonel of the Imperial Guard, who had the next cabin to mine, and used to hail me in the morning, call me '*mon voisin*,' and ask me if I was not going to get up. There were also a lot of canteen-keepers from Kamiesch, who having made their fortunes, had retired from business, and were going back to France. There was a Greek—but he, fortunately, went ashore at Athens—who used to take the orange-wood tooth-picks from the glass and replace them after he had made use of them. Moreover, there was also an English tourist, who had left London a day or two after the news arrived of the fall of Sebastopol. He had been to the Crimea, and had stayed there three or four days, during which time, I heard that he used to wander about at night with a compass and a lantern!



He was now returning to England with a good stock of trophies, such as helmets and muskets. I should not be surprised if he was to write an account of his travels ! The French officers used to play whist for *sous* points, and dispute as violently about the game as if they had staked thousands.

On the 9th of October we arrived at Marseilles, and in two hours after getting on shore, I was on my way to Paris, where I had twelve hours' rest and a look at the Exhibition. All praise be to railways. Let us thank modern talent and ingenuity, that the 'good old times' of stage-coaches and diligences are fast expiring.

On the 11th of October, forty-eight hours after landing at Marseilles, I arrived in London, and Sinbad the Second ended his fourth voyage !

CONCLUSION.

March 7th.—Now that the negotiations for peace are going on, and there appears to be a fair chance of their coming to a favourable conclusion, many people talk as if the army would be home in the course of two or three months. I fear that, even should peace happily ensue, they will be disappointed.

It will take some time to ship all our *matériel*, and the Infantry will have to remain till the last—both to act as working parties, and because there cannot be transport sufficient found to bring them away so soon.

But there is another question. If I may

be rash enough to prophecy, I should say that it will be necessary for the Allies to keep an army of occupation in the Turkish dominions for some time to come, to ensure that proper reforms are *actually* carried out, that justice is equally administered to all, and to keep peace between Christian and Mussulman.

Nothing is more likely to create a disturbance than the last firman issued by the Sultan; for, in remote districts, compulsion alone will actually make the Turks respect laws to which they have never been accustomed, and treat with equal respect those whom hitherto they have looked upon as infidels—whom they have always regarded with contumely, and reviled in the coarsest terms, without the least fear of retaliation.

The Franks, suddenly placed on an equality with the Turks, are very likely to presume upon it—so the bigoted pride of the former, and the upstart arrogance of the latter, when brought into collision, will cause new ill-feeling, which may end in bloodshed. For my part, I conceive that the result of this war will be the extinction of Turkish domination, and

that it will be done by England and France far more effectually than it would have been by the Russians. We went to war with solemn engagements to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire—but “Man proposes, and God disposes”—and we shall find that it is impossible. I think it is pretty generally acknowledged, that the Turkish government is entirely corrupt. The siege of Kars has shown to those who were before ignorant or disbelieving, that no faith or trust can be placed in pashas. It has been found necessary to appoint commissioners to see that the Turkish Loan is properly applied to the purposes for which it is intended, and to prevent it, as much as possible, from sticking to the greasy paws of the Orientals who have anything to do with it.

Indeed, with regard to this loan, I must agree with Mr. Bright, when he says that it is the first step in a direction which may lead to results which it is impossible for anyone to foretell.

When money is lent upon a property, and the lenders cannot entrust the borrowers with

the power to use it as they like, it does look very like taking the management of affairs into their own hands ; and it is the case here.

Every day it is found that the Turks are becoming more unable to govern their country, and the equality of all religions will only make their inability still more glaring. They took Constantinople by the sword ; for long they held it by the sword ; when they can no longer do so, their kingdom is departed from them.

I have, I fear, committed an indiscretion in writing the foregoing predictory lines. All I can say in extenuation is, once more, *Nous verrons !*

THE END.

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